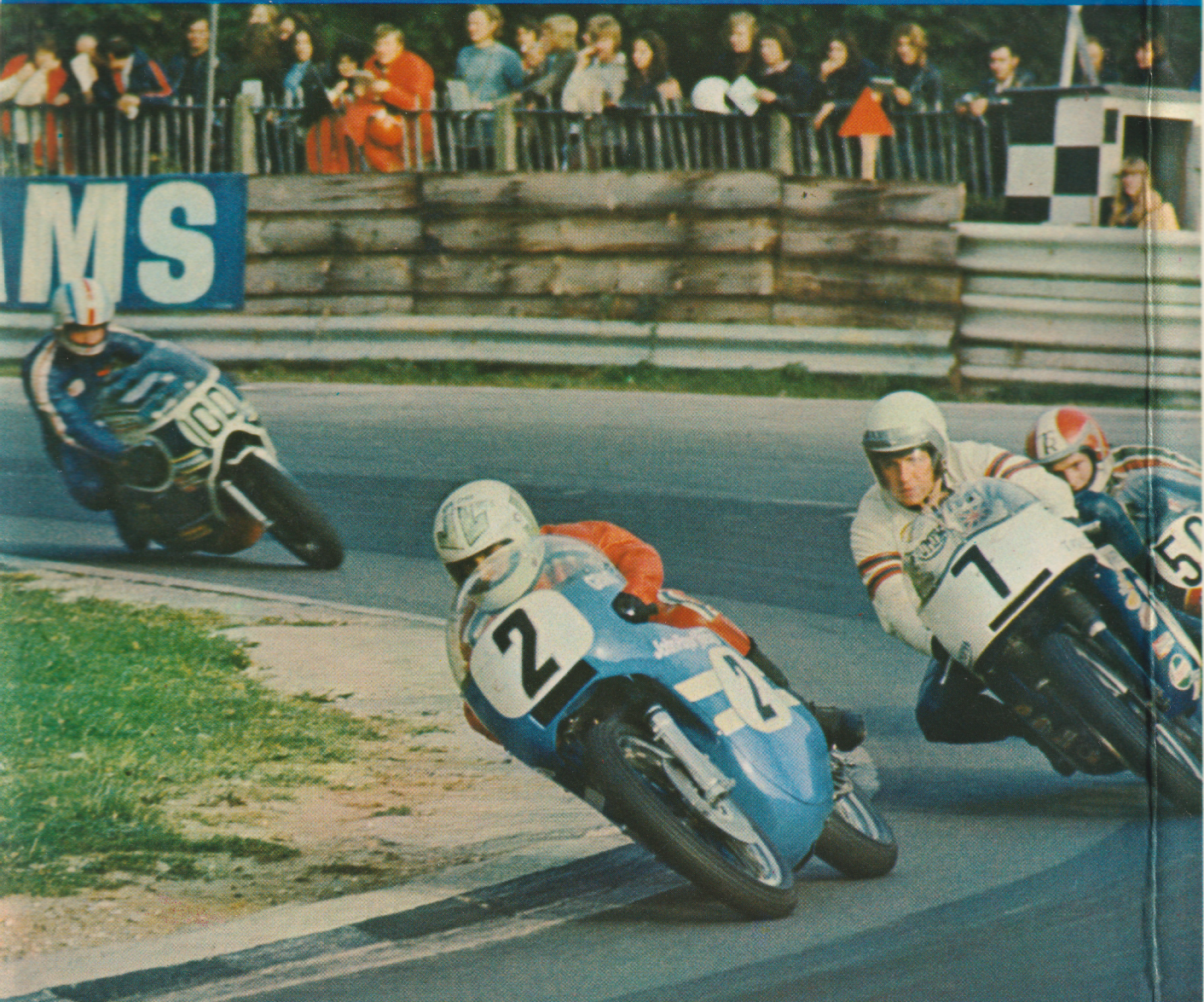


International Motor Cycle Racing Book No. 2



Edited by Ted Macauley

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR CYCLE RACING BOOK No 2 once more parades a formidable line-up of star contributors with views and stories that are both fearless and informative.

After the magnificent success of the first *INTERNATIONAL*, hailed by riders and spectators alike, a second showing was widely called for throughout the sport.

Here it is – a collection of expert opinion, a wide look at motor cycle racing here, in Europe and across the Atlantic in America. The flavour is truly international.

Kel Carruthers and Paul Smart, two of the finest performers on the United States circuits, both give unique insights into racing on that side of the ocean. While the home and European scene is covered by Jarno Saarinen, a great champion, and British star, Charles Mortimer.

Barry Sheene will cause an eye or two to pop with surprise at his playboy revelations – and Ted Macauley, editing the book for the second time, should stir some reaction with his views on the TT quitters and the man who was the most illustrious Isle of Man ace of all.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR CYCLE RACING BOOK No 2 takes you behind the scenes, puts you alongside the star men and captures the fundamental excitement that racing brings.

The sport's top men are pictured and featured: so, too, are many of the men who did not aspire to international greatness like others of their chosen vocation. That is the flavour of this *INTERNATIONAL*, the big men and the small get an equal share of the billing.

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INTERNATIONAL
MOTOR-CYCLE
RACING
BOOK
No. 2



The strain shows: Mike Hailwood after a race.

INTERNATIONAL MOTOR-CYCLE RACING BOOK No. 2

EDITED BY TED MACAULEY

WITH GUEST STARS

JARNO SAARINEN

PHIL READ

GARY NIXON

PETER WILLIAMS

FRANK PERRIS

PAUL SMART

CAL RAYBORN

BARRY SHEENE

KEL CARRUTHERS

MARK BRELSFORD

Souvenir Press Ltd — London

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Here is the champion style.

Giacomo Agostini in race action.

ON THIS DAY THE TT DIED FOR AGO...

BY

TED MACAULEY

GIACOMO Agostini, the most successful world champion of all time, had just clinched his tenth TT victory when he walked, head down, into my Isle of Man hotel room.

His face was sad and troubled as he searched his limited English vocabulary to find the words that would transmit his feelings.

"Each year, it seems, I lose a friend at the TT," he said. "Each year I have more sadness. It's terrible."

He was referring to Gilberto Parlotti, the 99th competitor to be killed on the island's world famous 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ mile long course.

The 32-year-old Italian, Parlotti, died when his two-stroke Morbidelli twin swerved off the circuit at 100 miles an hour and ploughed into a series of unyielding concrete pillars lined along the Verandah.

The crash had happened during the rain drenched 125cc race, the battle immediately pre-



Gilberto Parlotti.

ceding Agostini's 500cc Senior TT in June, 1972.

Parlotti, bidding to strengthen his lead in the world 125cc championship, was leading the race by 18 seconds from Britisher Charles Mortimer.

It was his first time at the TT. But his preparation had been tireless and thorough. Even before practice had opened the little motor cycle dealer from Trieste had spent hours learning the intricacies of the world's most difficult course.

He had been warned by other riders about the special difficulties presented by the Mountain and, more specifically, the Verandah.

He had been racing for 12 years but he refused to allow even that massive pile up of experience to let him slacken his concentration or trick him into complacency. And he was a familiar sight leaning his big 750cc Ducati through the successive bends of the Verandah.

Agostini, anxious to help anybody to negotiate the TT in greater safety, took time off from his own worries to shepherd his friend Parlotti around the circuit in his own car, pointing out the danger spots and the pressure points.

And Agostini was among the last men to wish Parlotti all the luck in the world when the waiting game was finished and the real work had to begin.

It was raining hard, a dreadful day, when Parlotti, pressing strongly for victory, lost control midway through the second lap on the newly widened

Verandah section, one of the quickest parts of the circuit.

The rescue helicopter landed on the mountainside to fly him to hospital – but he was dead long before they arrived there. And his death hit champion Agostini like a blow from a sledgehammer.

But if it hit Agostini hard it affected his teammate Alberto Pagani even more. He was almost beside himself with grief; so much so that his ability to concentrate enough to help Agostini through the Senior TT was seriously impaired.

The gentle and sensitive little Italian shadow to Agostini was a jangle of nerves before the Senior race; it took great strength of mind on his part to steel himself enough to even start the race.

He realised he had a tremendous responsibility to help Agostini fight off any challengers to his world championship bid: Pagani set about pulling himself round.

But behind the scenes there was frantic action and

Italian stars: Alberto Pagani and Agostini.



the telephones lines from the Isle of Man to Italy were humming with calls from the MV-Agusta camp.

Even while thousands of motor cycle race enthusiasts were making their way to the circuit Agostini, Pagani and the MV team manager, Arturo Magni, were engrossed in deep discussion about whether to race or to go home.

The MV men were all in a state of shock about Parlotti's tragic death and Agostini, never a TT supporter, was tormented between thoughts of his friend's crash and the responsibility he felt towards his boss, Count Augusta.

They had even more time to think when the race organisers, worried about the appalling weather, put the race back two and a half hours. But Magni could not get through to the factory: the decision had to be taken right there, in the Isle of Man.

It was left to Agostini, the star performer, the man who had to put his fears and apprehensions behind him and not even think about coming second. He had to win. His reputation demanded that and his own bravery would support it.

I do not suppose he has ever faced such a difficult problem – but he opted to race in what was most certainly his last TT appearance.

Alberto Pagani was plainly in difficulties and not even the power of the mighty MV could pull him through. He simply could not concentrate and at one stage startled the crowds by pulling into the pits for an unscheduled stop.

He said he thought there was oil on his boots and footrest; but really it was his way of finding respite from his grief, a way to find a brief pause in the doubt that was wrecking his performance.

For a long time he was forced back into third place by British rider John Williams and he would have stayed there had Williams not run out of petrol.

Up at the front nobody could have imagined what Agostini's thoughts were but he seemed to have pulled himself together a little quicker than Pagani and he won his fifth successive Senior TT and set up a unique record of 53 racing laps at more than 100 miles an hour.

Pagani, when he finally and, I believe, bravely, threw off the spectre of Parlotti, clocked a personal best with a flying last lap of 102.14 mph. It was his own personal breakthrough, a memorable demonstration of man's ability to shrug off even his most dread doubts.

But there was little celebrating in the winners'

enclosure, normally the scene of great rejoicing. The TT, so far as the MV-Augusta factory, was concerned was finished. And, they said, there would be no going back.

I was already back in my hotel room, the door open, when Agostini, neatly side-stepping all the congratulators downstairs, headed for his own room directly opposite.

He saw me, tapped on the door and came in, his hair ruffled, his eyes looking strained and tired. He slid down the wall and sat on the floor close to the door; far from being the triumphant victor he was defeated. And his head slumped forward, almost between his knees as he stared into the leather filling of the famous helmet upturned in his hands.

He had revealed none of the pre-race drama; the anxious debate in the MV camp, the 'phone calls and the heart searching. All of that was kept secret before the race . . .

But now he said: "The TT. It is finished. I promise I will never race here again. It's too dangerous. No more. And no more for MV."

"I have never enjoyed it. I have always hated it. But I have always had to race for the world championship. But now I don't care – even if it means losing the championship. I will never come here again."

The words streamed from him: "Even if MV, even if Count Augusta himself orders it, I will not race here again. There are too many bad places."

"One fall and . . . phut . . . you are dead. There is no way back. And each year I lose another friend. Now I will fight to put an end to the TT."

I had never seen the usually carefree Italian star in such a mood; he was at his lowest ebb; despite his fine victory, and there seemed to be no way out for him.

"If there had been one spot of rain before the Senior race I would not have raced: I would not have moved the machine from the grid," he said fiercely.

"It was left to me to make up my mind and, when I saw that the roads were drying, I decided that, okay, we should go. But it was for the last time. All the time Parlotti was with me . . . here . . . in my mind."

Agostini acted quickly to make sure that officialdom was aware of his feelings: and he was backed by his new teammate, Phil Read, Rodney Gould, the former world champion, Jarno Saarinen, the new 250 world champion, and British ace Barry Sheene,



Agostini.

all now confirmed non-runners at the TT.

The TT lobby was led, ironically, by the man who had given it most of its glory around the globe, Agostini. But whatever success he had

achieved, whatever great moments he had magically given, were all overshadowed on that rainy morning When his friend Gilberto Parlotti died.

The TT for Agostini died with Parlotti

THERE'S 100,000



There's 100,000 dollars at stake for these men as they get into and out of the first S on the Ontario (Canada) speedway.

DOLLARS IN IT...



The grace and pattern of racing motor-bikes in action can be seen as the riders weave in and out for position in this 250 miles race, the Champion Spark Plug Classic.

Jarno

Finland's sensational motor-cycle champion tells his own story of his tough battle to the top . . .

THE road to the top has been a rocky one for me since I began racing professionally in my homeland of Finland, for road racers are rare in my country.

And that is why I am doubly proud to have been my country's first ever world motor cycle racing champion. It is satisfying enough to be a champion – but, obviously, even more so when you have achieved it against all the odds.

When I finally clinched my first title, the 250cc crown, I had the great satisfaction of doing it in Finland, at Imatra, in fact, in summer 1972. Then I had been racing internationally for only four years.

I had battled hard all season against Rod Gould and Renzo Pasolini and in this race they both had to pull out with engine troubles. I was left more than half a minute ahead of Silvio Grassetti, the Italian, riding a works MZ. It was, by comparison to the other Grand Prix events, an easy win but it still had its scary moments.

One in particular when I was chasing Pasolini's Aermacchi. I was using his braking point and he was braking a lot later than me just before the first corner. My backwheel hit a bump as I was braking and the bike shot into the air.

The back of it was well off the ground and I had to let go of the brake to get it to come down again – but that left me going far too quick for the corner. I got round somehow, but I don't know how.

It may surprise one or two riders who have been critical of my style but I have frightened myself a good few times: my riding is different because I got my initial training on the ice race circuits of Finland. But I am not wild nor do I ride over the limit, I go well within myself.

One thing does worry me: I wonder, often, how long I can go on without having a serious accident.



The risks naturally grow when you have to race fast all the time like I do.

It is possible, I believe, to race for three or four years without getting badly hurt or killed but after that the odds begin to shorten. I have no intention of racing long enough for that to happen to me.

My ice racing background – I was the Finnish champion on ice in the 250cc class in 1965 – means that I am rarely worried or bothered by my drifts

and slides, I have grown used to the feeling. It makes wet weather racing no problem at all to me which gives me an advantage I have enjoyed.

Now I have become an established world rider I am not prepared to give up as much of my time as I did in reaching that status: it was commonplace for me to miss vital hours of sleep before a race making sure that my machine was in first class order. I did all the work myself; then I rode the thing and had to try all-out to win when, really, what I needed was some more sleep.

Even when I won the world 250 championship on the Yamaha I was not a full works rider – the machines were provided through a dealer in Finland and I had to do all the work on them myself.

I achieved my ambition through my own effort – nobody else's – and although I certainly want to continue racing I want also to have more time to enjoy life, more freedom from the hard work and lone responsibility.

In fact if Yamahas had not made me the offer they did at the end of 1972 I do not think I would have gone on racing any longer: I wanted to be a works rider or nothing at all. They gave me a full works contract and it suited me fine.

The next time I think about quitting the racing scene, having got what I want, will be when it is no longer enjoyable. I love racing in the fullest sense of the word and when it stops being fun to me I will pack it up and I don't care how much money I am earning or how much I have to give up.

I have made plenty of sacrifices to get to my goal; now is the time to relax a little and let somebody else do the work for me while I concentrate on the racing.

I know I have won a title and that in itself is satisfying, but I would like to realise one more great ambition with another title, I would like to beat Agostini to do it – and that more than just the title would give me a lot of happiness. He is such a fine rider that to triumph over him is success indeed.

The MV factory was moved to further develop their machines for 1973 after the run I had given Agostini in 1972 in the 350 class. They began to realise that their heavier 69 bhp machines were in danger; they realised that the three cylinder bikes were down on speed and that the lighter, faster 350 Yamaha twins were giving out 70 bhp in tests.

I suppose I hit top form in 1972 and my machinery, too, was in top class condition. It should have been with the number of hours I put into it. But

those race paddocks, the caravans and the tents, are now a thing of the past for me. I don't want to wake up in the morning and look straight into the innards of an engine spread out before me.

I suppose now that I am works rider I will be able to stay in a hotel just like Agostini! I have proved my ability, now I want to reap the rewards.

I have carefully planned all my progress. Even when I had a good chance of a high placing in the world 250cc championships in 1971 I decided to stop the season short and resume my studies as an engineer at Turku university.

I passed the mechanical engineering exams okay and now I am assured of a good living when I decide to retire from racing: I don't want to become a motor cycle dealer like so many other riders do when they retire.

I knew also that even if I managed to topple Agostini, and the mighty MV-350, in 1972 I would stand a better chance of a works contract with a world title win. The 350 class was just an outside chance – the 250 section was a much better bet. And that is where I put my priorities.

The super glory of the 350 event was not enough: I had to be as certain as I could of getting a world championship award.

Well, I *did* get the world 250 title. I *did* say that unless I could get a full works contract I would pack it all in. I *did* say that I wanted to be able to ease the pressure of work. And I *did* get the offers – one from Benelli, which I turned down, and the one I accepted from Yamaha. I was really that determined – and I got my way.

I finished fourth in the 1970 world 250 championships and, I suppose, I might well have packed it all in then, but Arwidson, the Finnish Yamaha importers, provided me with two superb bikes, a 250 and a 350, and I managed that high placing.

I had won the Finnish 125cc and 250cc titles on machines I had bought from Arwidsons but I did not really believe I was worthy of such exotic machinery as the 250 and the 350. They obviously had other ideas.

Their timing could not have been better. I was flat broke, all my money had gone into racing and there was no way I could see to keep going. I had wanted to see the world and road racing seemed to be the cheapest way of doing it. It was for the pleasure, not the fame, that I started – but the fame started to come in 1971.

That year everything started to slot into place



Right down into the bend goes Saarinen.

and, after a hard slog, I finally got my bike across the line for my first ever Grand Prix win. I got home first in the 350cc class, at Brno.

I ended the year with the runners-up spot in the 350 class and in third place in the 250 championships. It all finished splendidly with a first place at Monza in the 350 race and another first in the 250 at Jarama, Spain, to be counted.

It was hard enough work in the 250 class the year after: but with the superior pulling power of the MV against my Yamaha in the 350 class I was having to make up in determination for what I was losing against Agostini's better acceleration. I know that MV were more than a bit shaken and they feared I might snatch the title away from them. They were all good days.

But there have been other highpoints, too. And I must say I get immense pleasure out of recalling my victories in England in 1972. I entered for nine international meetings and scored nine wins. And when I won the Race of the Year at Mallory Park, in September, 1972, I felt that was the most important breakthrough for me on the English scene.

It was not just the money I won, but I had beaten the best of Britain's short circuit racers and some of the best Americans, too.

I suppose many people have written me off as a bore socially because I have been too dedicated in their minds and have put work before pleasure. But they would be wrong: I enjoy parties and having a few drinks as much as the next man. But work had to come first. The bike obviously would not put itself right, nor would it go on its own and the effort I made to get things done was all important.

One aspect of life which I will always treasure is the companionship you get through racing: it is a close knit community and, at first, it is hard to get in but when you do it is well worth the waiting.

I had difficulties in the beginning because of language problems. There are few people who can understand Finnish and fewer who can speak it so this was a set-back. I set out to learn English – and now I can speak German and Swedish, too. It has all made a great difference to my life socially. Now I can get on with anybody and speak to them in their own language even if they cannot master mine.

When the end of the 1972 season came I was much happier than I had ever been before. I was accepted in every sense. I had a title and I had shown that I could give a really good account of myself even against riders of Agostini's calibre. And then I was

delighted to find out that the Benelli factory wanted to sign me.

There was plenty of speculation about the move particularly as I had raced for them and had given them a win. They made me a very good offer, one which was difficult to refuse, but then Yamaha stepped in and asked me to race for them with full works backing.

It was not so much the money that Yamaha offered that made me veer off Benelli and opt for the Japanese offer: I considered that the best machines were Yamahas.

I wanted to have the best bikes available and while I agreed that the 500cc Benelli was competitive I did not think that the 350 had a chance in the contest against Yamaha, MV and the Harley-Davidson challenge.

Before the end of the '72 season I went to the Benelli factory at Pesaro where they offered me a four cylinder machine and the loan of a superb De Tomaso sports car to use while I was there. I beat Agostini at an international meeting and Benelli then told me they were interested in signing me.

Everything then seemed to happen in a rush and Yamahas came back with their offer: I reasoned that the machines I had been riding that year were so good that if they were going to improve them even further I had to give them a try.

I flew to Japan for three weeks and went through a four-day testing session on the Yamaha circuit. I tried a water-cooled twin which they were planning to sell on the open market and it was giving out even more power than the one I had twice beaten Agostini on. That was the scheme of things for the 350 class.

The 250 machine, a water-cooled twin, was up to all my expectations so I decided there and then to keep to the bikes I had grown up with on the Grand Prix circuits.

I realise my decision to turn down the Benelli offer made Yamaha step up their efforts for the 1973 season; but it showed to be just what a fine company they are.

However, I would stress that if they had not offered me a full works contract while I was at the factory in Japan I would not have raced for them the following season.

I had realised one great ambition, my world 250 title. But they knew they were giving me the chance to realise that other great one I was nursing, to take the 350 championship away from Agostini and MV.

My big problem is to stay right at the top of the



And now Saarinen the other way.

pile and that I believe will be harder than trying to win a world championship. I want to retire when I am on top. For that way people do not forget you so quickly: if you quit when you are on the slide all your successes are soon forgotten.

And this is one reason why my preparation for each race will be exactly the same as it has always been . . . thorough. Even though I do have this works contract and the full factory support of mechanics and equipment it will not make any difference at all to my own special way of preparing for the races.

I have a complete record of my previous rides, an invaluable source of information. I have recorded details of the circuits I have raced at, the weather conditions and how the surface was affected, what the facilities are like, my machine preparation on the day and why I prepared it in any particular way. It has all gone down in careful study because it is so helpful. It eliminates much of the trial and error of practising and saves time, giving me more room to improve my times.

I know that I still have to make the bike go and I ride hard in every race – but I still have my safety margins. I do not suppose I leave too much room for error . . . but I do leave room.

The victor and the prize : JARNO in America





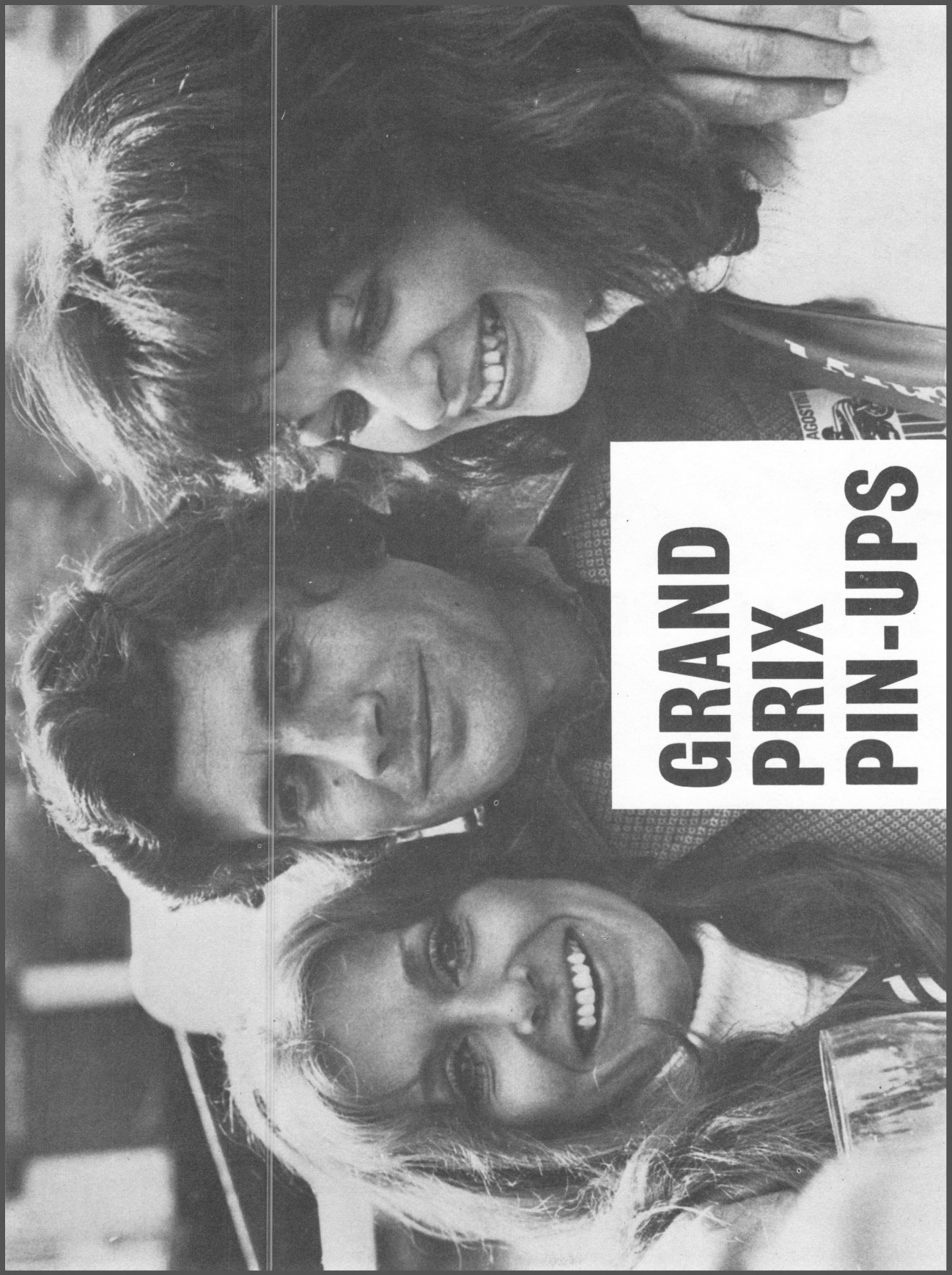
The chase is on: Jarno leads.



KREIDLER MEN

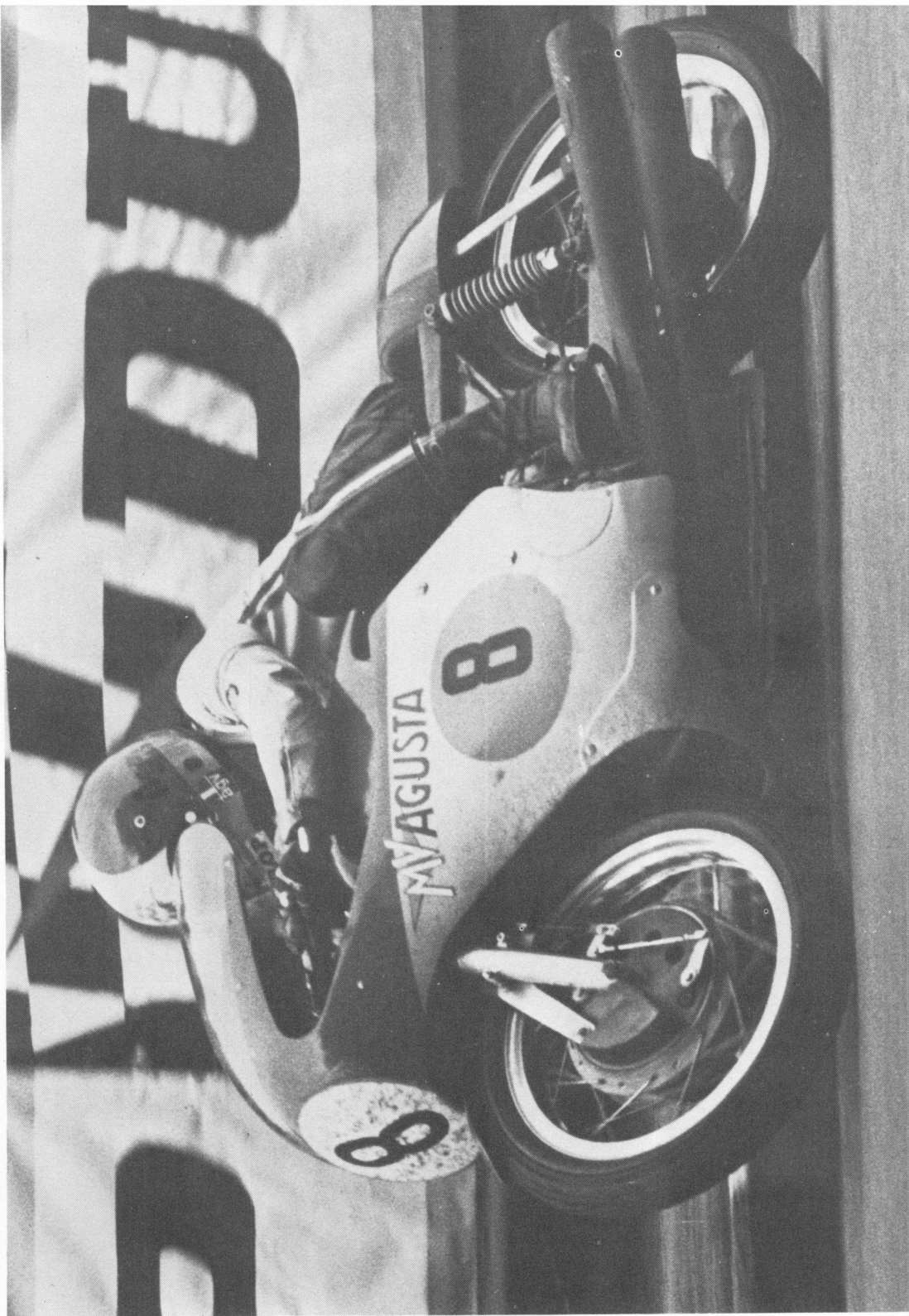
Five and three, Jan de Vries (top) and three and five Barry Sheene (below).





GRAND PRIX PIN-UPS

Fun for Ago (left) and serious business (right).





A star at ease: Barry Sheene.



And in race action at Mallory Park,

British is best of all

BY PAUL SMART

MY racing world has been an exciting mixture of dicing in Europe and in America, it has given me works rides for Kawasaki, Ducati, Triumph and Suzuki – and so far as I am concerned the best of everything is British.

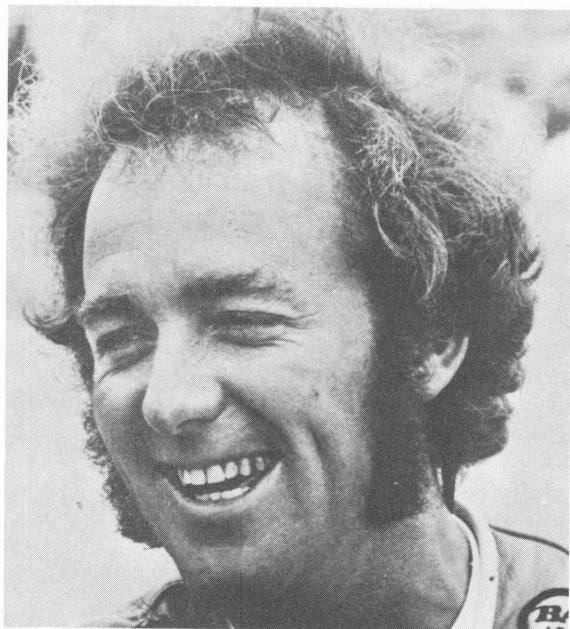
I do not want to sound like some boring patriot who sees only one set of colours, the red, white and blue of Britain, but it is only because of my wide experience of circuits and machines that I can happily say, and mean, that British is best.

My time has almost been squarely divided between Europe and America and, even though I enjoy the American scene and the greater pay packets, I look forward more to racing on British circuits than any others.

I had to go against my preference in season '73 simply to make money: I opted for a second season of racing in the States when really my heart was still at home in Britain. There comes a time when the fun of racing has to be replaced with hard professionalism and you have to look to your financial future rather than live for the minute doing things because they are a laugh. Otherwise you finish up dead broke with only a mind full of memories to fall back on in your old age.

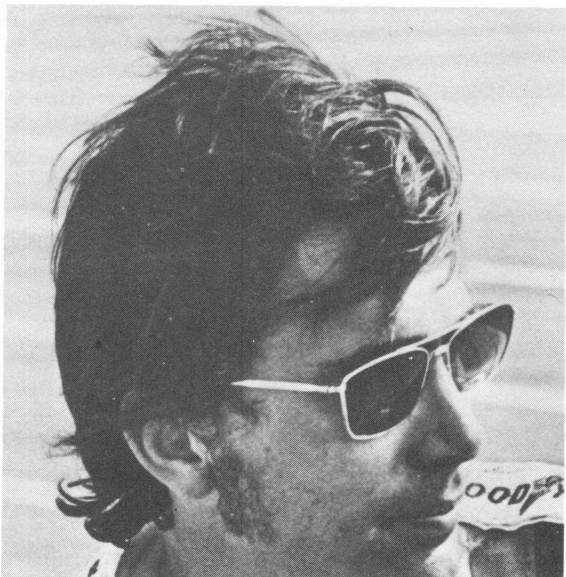
The basic truth is that it never seems to be possible to earn a good living doing exactly what you want to do in the places you most want to be. I am, after all, a professional and as such I must follow the pointers to the best money-making events.

Racing in Britain is far more exciting than racing in America – and I don't say it the other way round when I'm in the States. I love the short circuit scratching and the competition of racing in Britain.



Paul Smart.

Gene Romero.



You can build yourself up and really give your best in a 20 minutes race in Britain and, invariably, it is the best man who wins. In America, with the long drawn out 200-milers, there is too much reliance on chance. Luck, I believe, plays a large part in racing on the other side of the Atlantic so far as machines are concerned.

You rarely get the close racing you get in Britain and, for that matter, in Europe. Nothing to my mind can match the short circuit battling, the closeness of the men and the tightness of the situations as they are at, say, Brands and Oulton Park. That's really great stuff and as exciting for the riders as it is for the spectators.

It is fun. Of course it is. It is great and you can feel devil-may-care. You can revel in the sheer enjoyment of it all – but it does not alter the fact that the money is not good enough.

The start money in America is virtually non-existent and the signing on fees are negligible – so to get into the big money league you have to be a winner. The Americans love winners and they pay them accordingly. And, let's face it, the name of the game is winning. Anything less is for the clubman who toddles through an easy afternoon out simply for the pleasure of riding, not necessarily racing, competitively.

I had to have a serious go in my first season in the States in 1972 – and I came out tops. I emerged as America's most successful rider, but I was not granted the chance to use the number one title. That went officially to Gene Romero because he is a member of the AMA and I am not.

I finished up with a geat win at Ontario in October, 1972, and it gave me a purse of £12,500: compare that with the Race of the Year at home. It's ridiculous. To win that much I'd have to come first in twelve Races of the Year. It is easy to see from a prize like that why I have become a trans-Atlantic commuter.

I get a little bored with the long drawn out 200 milers. You can be running for ages without being close to another rider. And, in classics like Ontario, where it is a points win over two legs that takes the title, you are not racing anybody at all. You are against the fingers of the clock, rather like the TT. I like being involved in a race, pitting my wits against riders who are close up.

There are times in America when you have to wait in a queue for two or three hours just to get a machine scrutineered. That's another of the failings

at these long drawn out events like Daytona and Ontario. They last for nearly a week and, quite honestly, I cannot see the point of it.

Riders cover thousands of practice laps for a 200 mile race and by the time race day comes round many of the bikes are worn out and hardly fit to take part. This sort of situation does not suggest efficiency to me, despite the Americans' name for running things smoothly, and this is where they could learn helluva lot from the British promoters like Motor Circuit Developments. They really are top class when it comes to the point of getting down to organise a race meeting.

The MCD men compared with the American organisers are real professionals – but I must say the American safety factors are right on the ball. They are really safety-first conscious and it's a good thing.

One of the great things about racing Stateside is that you have to be right on top of your form most of the time: this can be wearing at times but it makes for the best kind of racing. If you are not on top form then you are missing out on the first three places . . . and that's where the big money is.

To keep in the top money bracket you have to keep yourself in the top rider status. And to keep at the top as a rider you need good reliable machinery; this is why privateers find it tough-going.

I would not advise anybody to go to try and earn a good living in America unless they have a sound financial backer, somebody who will make certain that the machinery is okay, or a works tie-up. It's an advantage to have done well in Europe because your name and your reputation goes ahead of you then and, naturally, it is easier to get a good tie-up as somebody well-known rather than as a struggler.

There is an enormous amount of travelling to be done over vast distances to race . . . there are seven national meetings for instance and you could not make a living racing at them unless you had backing. You would be paying out all the time, trying to hold together your equipment and living on hopes instead of good chances. That's a good way to bankruptcy.

Even those seven meetings, I feel, do not keep me on form. They may, I suppose, keep other riders in condition, but not me. I like more work than that. I *need* the added practice of racing in Britain, I feel the experience of racing at home, mixed in with competing in America, does me a world of good. And there is nowhere quite like Britain, where the riders are generally of superb quality, to keep you



Paul Smart on his Triumph.

Then another angle ; on a Suzuki.

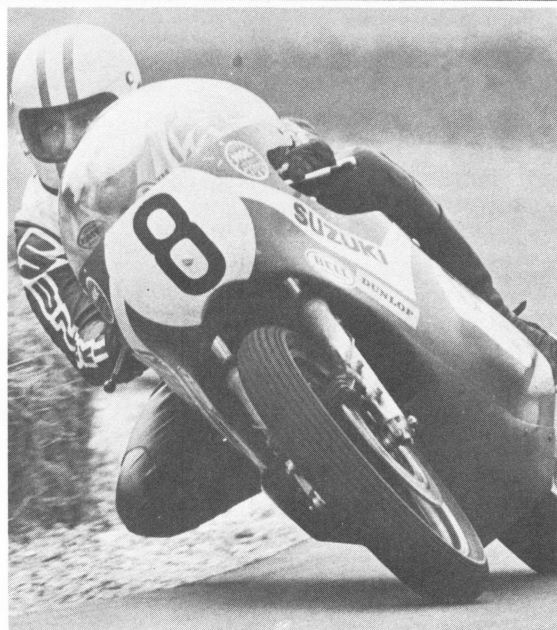
alert and tuned on to the idea of tough competition.

It has not been roses all the way for me in America and, in fact, I even thought about coming home early in 1972, not long after I had decided to run my professional life there.

I only did not return to England because I did not have a great deal to come back to and, anyway, I figured that it would be better for me to work things out over there and carry through my ambitions. I worked at it and in the end it turned out alright.

The trouble was that racing as a serious business in the States was a young sport, it had plenty of vitality, but it had teething troubles, too.

There were plenty of wealthy backers and a good number of works teams but the Americans, trying really to run before they could walk properly, seemed to want riders who would simply ride the



bike and forget about wanting his opinion on how to improve it. The end product was a breed of riders who were far more hairy than I had been used to. Handling, for instance, however bad it was, did not seem to trouble them much.

I had a few battles about the Kawasaki's handling for instance – and I had to persuade Bob Hansen, the team manager, that I could not ride the machine unless it had a Seeley frame. The standard machines were just not for me.

It may have seemed to them, I suppose, that I was the guy from England, the home of great racing and great machinery, who wanted to show them how to do it, that I knew it all. But my message eventually started to get through and they began to realise that handling was all important, just as necessary as sheer power. It was about that time that I began to settle down to the idea of racing in America and relaxed into the general scheme of things.

My feeling about the riders in America is that they have improved vastly since I first went over – but, because of the superb safety factors built into the circuits, a rather brave type of rider is emerging. The sort who might get his come-uppance in Britain.

The circuits are bounded by soft run-off areas,

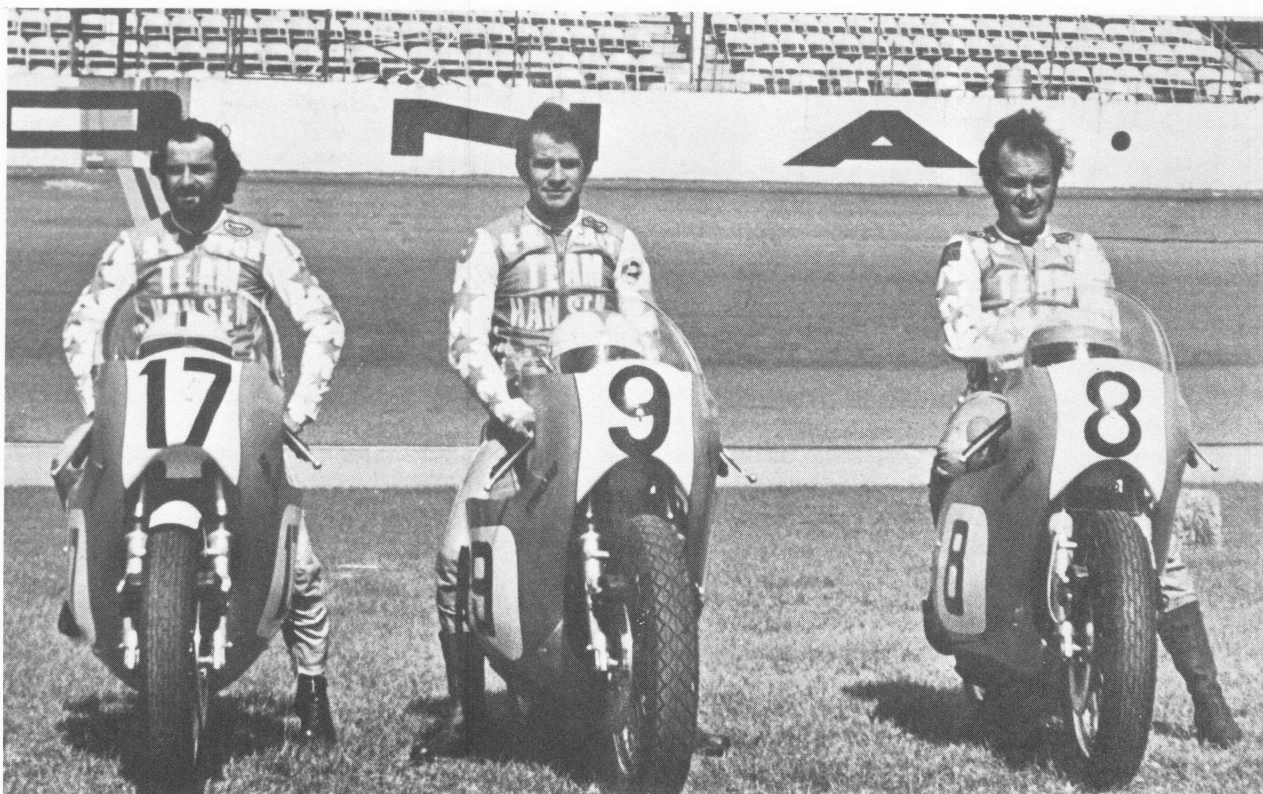
there are very few obstacles round the outside of the track and fellows over there realise they can slide off without the risk of being hurt. The circuits are really that safe and, because of it, the riders are probably taking more chances than they would dare in Britain or in Europe.

They scratch as hard as any riders in the business, they lean on each other and they don't back off. They respect each other's toughness – but I believe they expect foreigners to shirk it because the Americans have this great reputation for being rugged. Well, there are some brave lads on the scene in Britain who could match them when it gets down to the nitty-gritty.

There are one or two men a little wilder than the rest, guys who barge and bump and who are prepared to be nasty and to force the issues a little harder than is normal for safety. There is certainly more dirty riding there than in Britain because in the short circuit scratching at home it's only done when somebody has gone to great lengths to play it dirty. And usually that's been a private niggles soon sorted out and quickly forgotten.

It must be something of an eye-opener to them when they come to England and get their first look at those unforgiving bankings at Mallory and

Yvon du Hamel (17) Gary Nixon (9) and Paul Smart.





*A fraction in it for
Kenny Roberts as
they came out of a
bend at the Day-
tona Speedway.*

Oulton after the gentler run-outs in America: what the TT course would do for their nerve I cannot imagine.

I was terribly disappointed when the Kawasaki ride fell through in 1972 – but it threw me into another area of riding that I had not dreamed of, Suzuki riding.

And that took my tally of works machines to four. First there was the Ducati that gave one of my most satisfying moments, the Imola win in April, 1972. That, I felt, was particularly pleasing because I managed to get ahead a couple of laps from the finish and I was happy with my performance generally. To say nothing of all that lovely money . . . it got me off to a great start, my best year so far as money goes. There were 70,000 people there that day and the Ducati people were so chuffed about the win that they gave me the bike, a 750 vee-twin.

Then, of course, there was the Kawasaki until I failed to reach an agreement with Bob Hansen for another season. It was tremendously fast in straight lines and throughout '72 it took me to one win, one second, three fourths and an eighth out of the six races I entered in America.

But my favourite is still the Triumph-3; that to my mind was the best big bike of the lot. Its handling, so superior to anything else around, more than made up for its power disadvantage against the other big machines.

The odd thing was that when Bob Hansen said he did not want me again it looked as if I was going to be out of work for the season, or until I could get

myself fixed up. But that's when Russ March, the AMA chief, did his best to get me a machine.

That really is strange – the boss of America's governing body of racing, trying to get me fixed up so I could have a go at his members. Let's face it I must be one of their biggest threats, but it did not make any differences to March. He insisted on helping.

It just goes to show how friendly and helpful they are. This is how I have been treated all the time in the States. The AMA is run on strict business lines. It's a professional body and they want to do their best for the sport, the riders, everybody in fact.

The fees are high, high enough to make the AMA self supporting. But they turn it all back into sheer professionalism that can only be for the absolute good of the sport.

They have no anti-British feeling. None that I discovered and, in fact, they went out of their way to help me as much as they could.

There has been so much that is good, so much that has been enjoyable, despite the tiring to-ing and fro-ing across the Atlantic, that I feel now as if I am the complete Anglo-American.

And it is certainly a far cry from the old days when I lived at Maidstone, Kent . . . from my first ever race win at Brands in 1965 and, of course, from my first international win, the Barcelona 24-hour in 1969 on a Ducati. Now I have got a home in California – and a series of big money successes under my belt.

I really do feel as if I am on a winner.

Kawasaki men Baumann and du Hamel sorting it out.



STARS AND STRIPES

PROFILE...

JODY NICHOLAS

HE is not too well known in Britain, or in Europe, but in the United States former pilot Jody is among the all-time super stars of motor cycle racing.

But what little has been seen of him in Britain has been enough to convince race enthusiasts that here is a man of special and unique quality.

His handling of the terribly wayward 750cc Suzuki in 1972 guaranteed recognition of his undoubted bravery: more than anything it was his taming of the beefy Japanese big bike that shot him to the forefront as a race favourite among British fans.

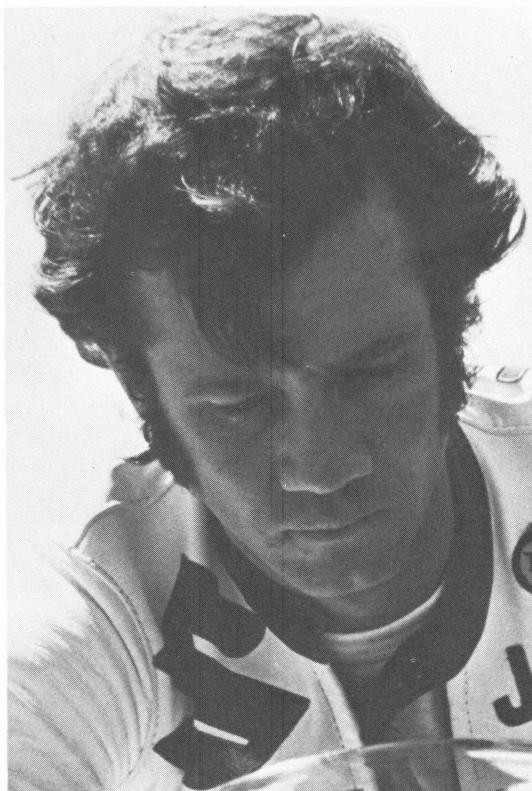
Like most of the Americans he rides hard, a tough competitor with wide experience on the murderous half-mile dirt tracks of his home country and on the road race circuits.

He was good enough to notch a great victory in the Atlanta road race – and then to be tragically disqualified on an engine technicality.

Nicholas, a journalist in California, is a man of immensely varied interests. He is almost a parallel of our own Mike Hailwood, a man of great personal achievement off the course.

He plays the violin like a virtuoso and, after four years college work, finished with a degree in German literature.

He went into the American forces after college and spent four years in uniform: it was a period that



almost brought his racing career to a full stop.

"It just about finished me as a racer," he said, "my career in racing stood still. But I wouldn't try to get out of the service like some others.

"I decided I had to go through with it. I figured that I simply had to make the best of it. It was conscripted and that was that.

"I was fully fit, there was nothing at all wrong with me. I didn't have any odd knees or any health problems. And, in any case, I reckoned that everybody has to do his share."

He managed to get in some racing, mainly at club level on the West coast, but then he was posted to Vietnam as a reconnaissance aircraft pilot. He stayed there eight months, came home for six weeks, and was flown to the Pacific pick-up area to collect the astronauts from Apollo 11.

He picked up the threads of his racing only in 1970 after one or two small meeting events and suddenly found he could put it all together again in winning style.

GARY NIXON

IF there is one man who can challenge Rayborn for the accolade of America's top racing star then it must be this tough little money-spinner.

Nixon, who raced alongside Yvon du Hamel in the Kawasaki line-up, is rated by many experts as the best ever. But he was unlucky enough to run into a storm of ill fortune.

He's tiny, only 5ft 6 ins and weighs a little over 9½ stone, but he's as hard as a bank vault door and since he began racing in 1956 in the Dodge City drag races, he has built a reputation as a rider of enormous talent.

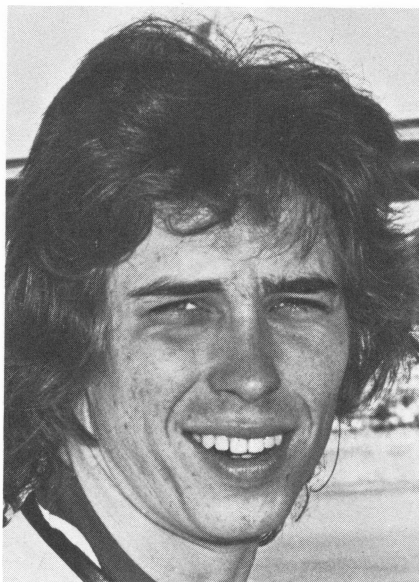
For eight years he raced works Triumphs and was twice the champion of America, in 1967 and again the following year. It was a formidable double and set him well on his way to a total of more than 300 wins as a professional.

I saw him at the first of his Anglo-American pre-race conferences in London in 1971: he was limping badly on a leg still encased in plaster after a stunning tumble at more than 100 miles an hour.

Then another fall injured a hand badly enough for him to have to withdraw – and it was sad that British fans did not get a really good chance to see him at his best and showing the pace and style that has made him America's top earner from motor cycle racing.



Gary
Nixon.



GARY FISHER

THIS is the American whizz-kid who put himself among the long-standing veterans of racing Stateside and pulled off enough surprises among them to register his arrival as a force to be reckoned with.

Fisher, from Parksburg, Pennsylvania, was born into a racing atmosphere. His father, Eddie Fisher, was a two wheel star in the early '50s. He won some great victories on a British Triumph.

The young Fisher, unsupported by factory backing, was helped by his father and worked from his garage in Parksburg – but he scored fine wins in the rare category of privateer in America.

He is a rare bird, too, in that unlike most top riders in the USA he is not a Californian. But it has not stopped him making eye-catching progress into the top grade especially on Yamahas.

He made American road race history two days on the run. He went to Loudon, won the lightweight race on Saturday then completed a great weekend by clinching the 350 race, again on a Yamaha, the day after. Nobody had ever done that. That was in June, 1972 – and it marked the start of a career of great promise for the young glamour figure of racing.

CAL RAYBORN

IN my view Cal Rayborn is the finest of all the American road race aces. And I cannot believe there are many men, racers among them, who would disagree with that viewpoint.

Too many riders, for instance, have felt the draught of his superior technical quality and his circuit usage and millions of spectators have been able to watch his bravery and marvel at his daring.

He and Ray Pickrell, England's superb TT expert, battled valiantly in the 1972 Anglo-American race series. And these two made it a memorable spectacle for anybody lucky enough to see them matching wits and pitting their skills.

Afterwards Pickrell gave this honest assessment of the fabulous American: "He's fantastic. He learned the tracks so quickly I could not believe it.

"He rides just like we do at home, he's sharp and fearless. And he'd rather die than finish second. Every time out he goes for victory. He won't give in.

"Occasionally he gets himself in a mess and leans the other way – but that's only when he's in a great hurry. He's outstanding on slow corners and he rode the big Harley like a genius."

Rayborn's performances at the hard-fought Anglo-American shot him into the reckonings alongside Hailwood and Agostini as one of the finest riders ever on the British scene.

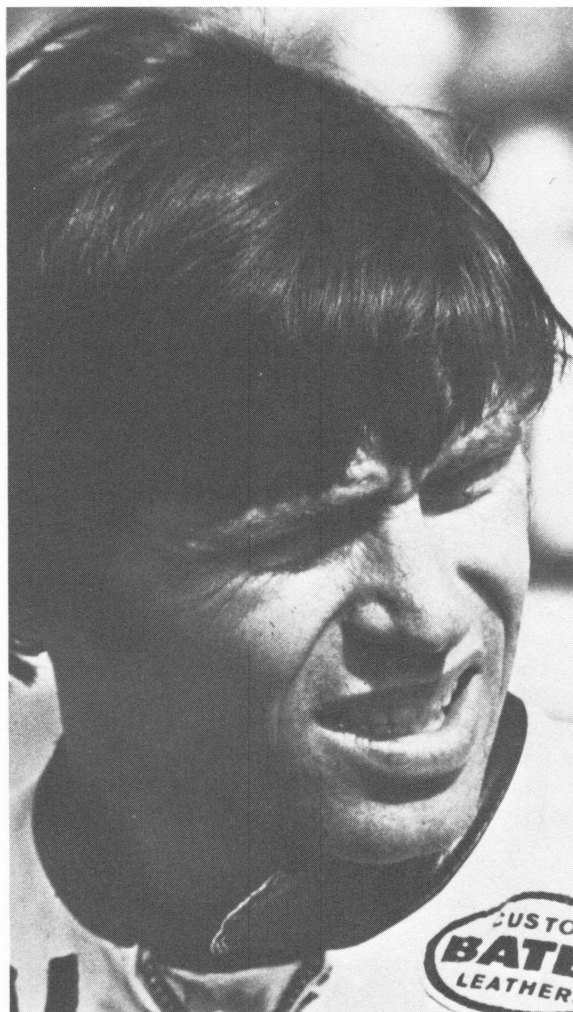
It was his first look at Britain's tricky circuits when he brought his 750 Harley-Davidson from America to tackle the best of British talent in 1972 – but he clinched three wins and three seconds out of six races.

At Oulton Park, after only seven practice laps, he really reached a peak.

The massive H-D was close to its limit of 250 miles between engine re-builds and it had only a four-speed box with a great gap between second and third. But it had Rayborn's impressive skill to take it around Oulton's gruelling acreage.

He followed Pickrell, John Cooper and a top form Peter Williams around for a few laps and then, almost casually, picked them off one at a time until he got through to first place. After that he could not be shaken.

When Dick Mann and Don Emde were struggling and when Suzuki aces Jody Nicholas, Ron Grant and Art Baumann were fighting for their very safety on the fearsome 100 bhp threes, Rayborn soared to brilliant glory.



In America the likeable Rayborn, from San Diego, California, ranked second only to Dick Mann in amassing National road race wins.

He is now topside of 30 but seems to be going quicker than ever. He's beaten best of Britain's riders and has shown that when Europe thinks it has the finest motor cycle stars in the world there is certainly one who can alter than view.

Britain and the top 750 big bike aces will long remember Rayborn's first visit. It was America's Easter uprising of a star of unforgettable quality.

DICK MANN

COOL, wily and tough. That just about sums up American veteran Dick Mann, a top racer since these far off days of 1954 when he first began to race as a professional.

Mann, from Richmond, California, has been America's most prolific winner with a tally topping 25 National events – but he has earned more than just trophies. He has won himself a great following among motor cycle fans everywhere – and a great deal of respect from rivals.

Even at 39-years-of-age Mann has been able to meet younger, bolder riders and match them on level terms when it has come to the break point of sheer riding skill.

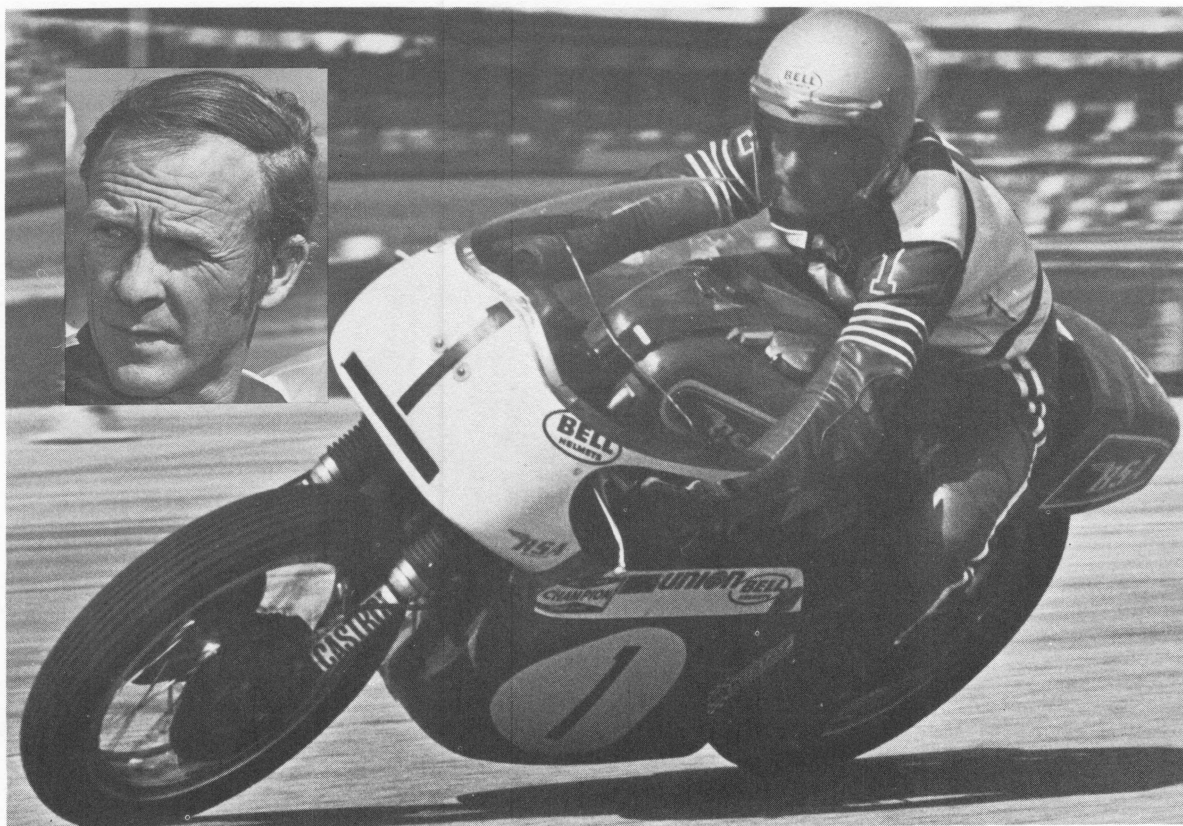
He has been written off time and time again but each time he has sprung back into lively action. He

has worn America's Number One plate, the coveted and jealously protected accolade for being the top man on two wheels in the States, even in the face of challenges from more youthful candidates.

It took him nearly twenty years to win his first mile track national, but he would not give up. He grittily kept at it and finally, in 1972, clinched his great ambition by winning in Chicago. He did it stylishly, too. He lapped the entire field.

He and Britain's John Cooper were magnificent partners for BSA at Ontario and with more than twenty years of BSA racing behind him the factory would find it impossible to thank him enough for the world wide glory he has brought them.

Mike Hailwood described him thus: "He is one of the all-time greats, a difficult man to pass. A tremendous competitor."



GENE ROMERO

CALIFORNIAN Gene Romero – ‘Burrito’ – is the good looking playboy star who has been among America’s top three riders since 1969. That in itself is some sort of miracle, for he is a man who does not appear to take his racing anywhere near as seriously as he does his high life.

Romero, 25-years-old, surrendered his AMA Number One plate to the steadier, less spectacular Dick Mann, the veteran of racing, in 1971 – but it did not stop him earning wages of around £50,000 a year.

He is aggressive on the track, a positive rider with a great record of consistency, and a lover of life. He’s the ringleader of the fast young set of American

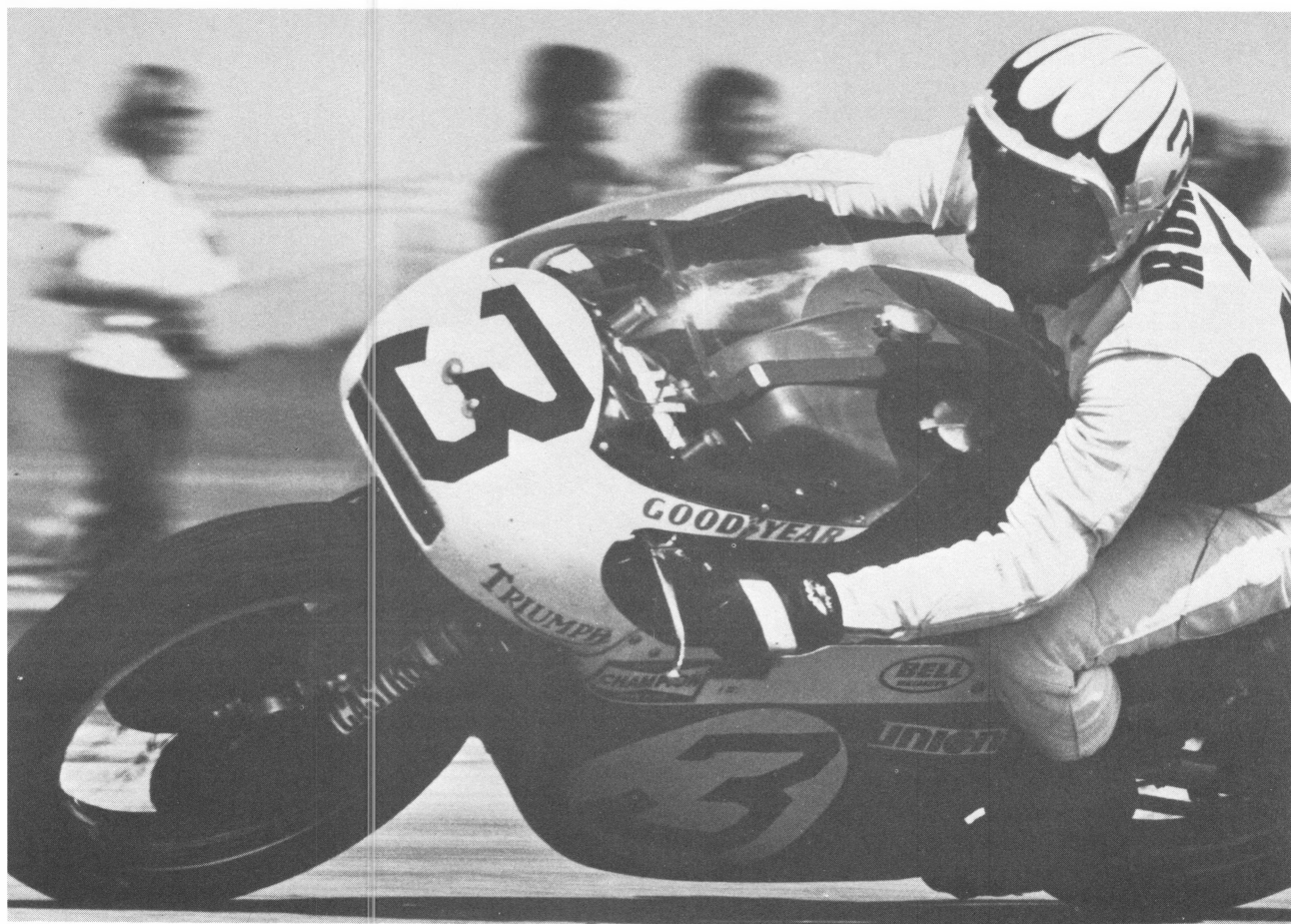
racing with a liking for girls galore and party nights.

But underneath it, simmering beneath the surface, there is a determined young man bursting to get out, a racer of super promise.

He won the Oklahoma half-mile once after being up until 5.30am on the morning of the race. He had two hours sleep then pulverised the opposition.

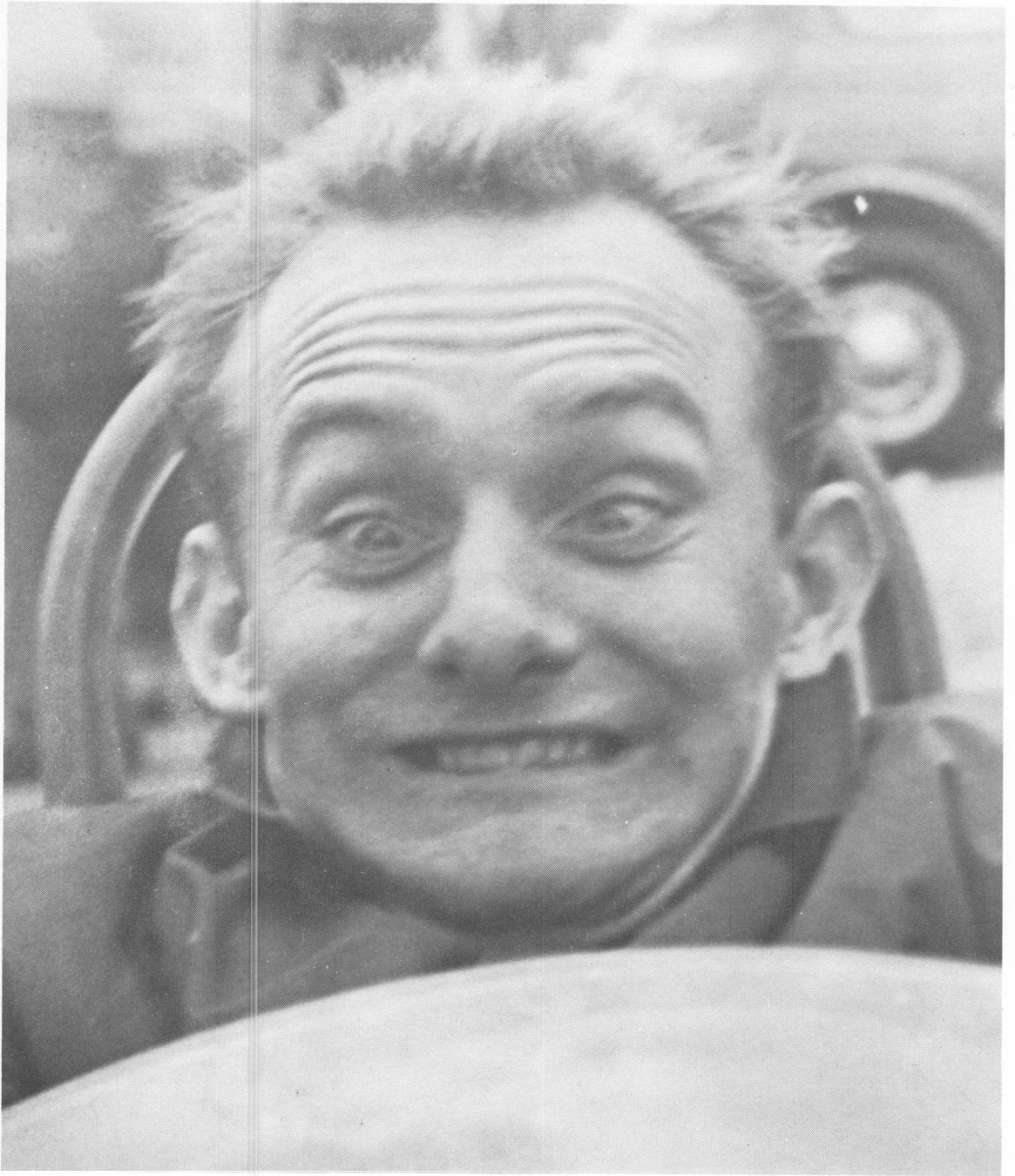
When he won the top title in American racing – that Number One plate – in 1970 he scored in 20 of the 25 rounds and it was a Triumph that took him along the success road.

But his great lust for something more has opened up offers of car racing: he wants to follow his idol, Mike Hailwood, into four wheels.



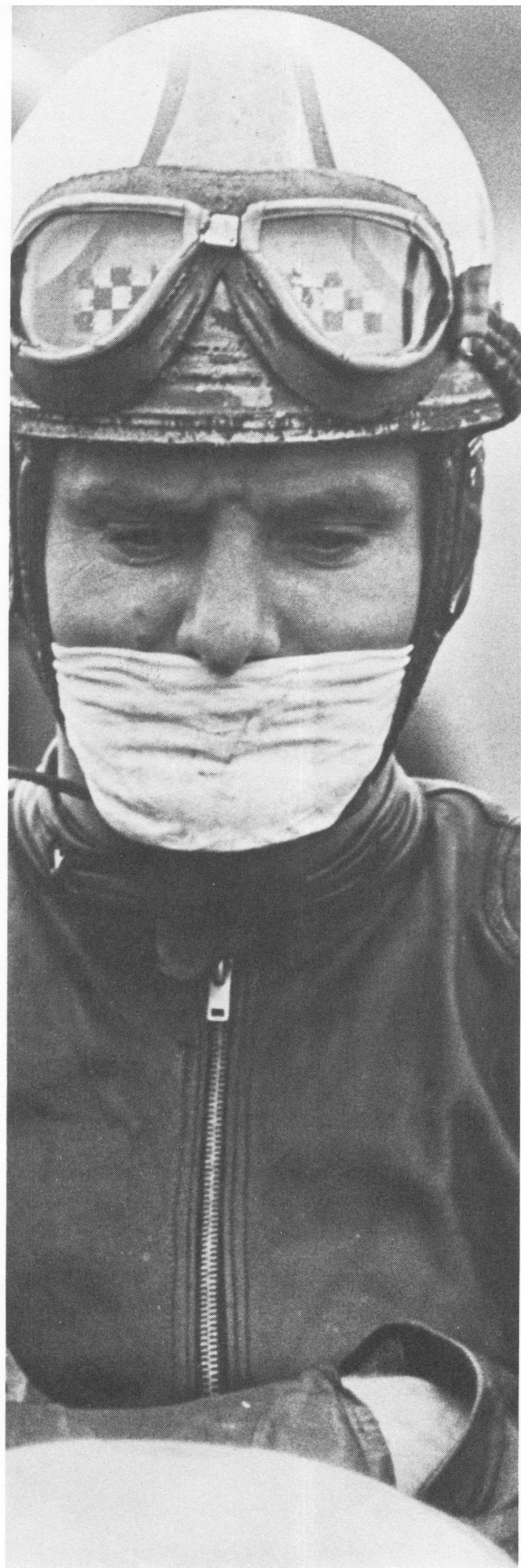


Cal Rayborn, in action on cinders.



TWO FACES OF A WORLD CHAMP

Mike Hailwood puts on an act (left) before his first ever car race at Brands Hatch in 1963; but we catch him in a more serious mood (right) before the Ulster Grand Prix in 1966.



Glorious years

PHIL READ looks at the highlights of his career

IN those rare moments of inactivity, when I get time to just sit around and think, I often re-run my career in my mind's eye. And no matter how many times I do I always come up with the same high point to my life.

The early and middle sixties. It is the same every time. Ironically, it was the most dangerous time of my whole life. But, at the same time, it was also the most exciting and certainly the most enjoyable on the racing front.

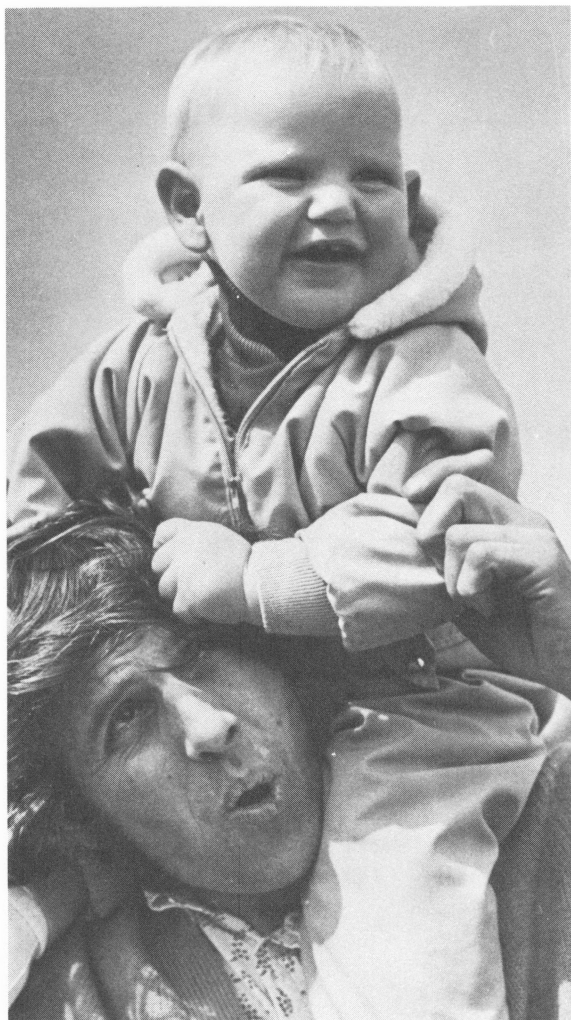
They were the roaring sixties: lifestyle was devil-may-care, the racing was tense and thrilling, not only for the fans but for the riders, too. Even if they were living on that narrow margin between disaster and survival. And the money was what it should be, a just reward for superhuman effort linked with the terrifying glory of it all.

Life for me right now, being a member of the fabulous MV-Agusta team, could not be better. It is comfortable. I can ride well within my limits most of the time and only occasionally have I had to pull out the stops. The pressure is on my teammate Agostini; it has fallen on me when his machine has failed and then I have had to really earn my bread.

Pressure is something I know all about. In the sixties, when the Japanese were going all out for commercial success via the world's racing circuits, each race was its own pressure point.

I would hate to sound like a boring story teller intoning that the good old days only happened to me and the few who were around then: but it is a fact. I do not think that there could ever have been a more exciting period to racing.

There was never a Grand Prix when I was not involved in the middle of some tangle of machinery



Phil Read and baby Pip.

with the countryside a blur of colour and with no thought for fear or the consequences of any action or move in the heat of the battle.

There were something like ten top class riders, all great and brave men, who were being paid contracts of around £6,000 each to race prototype Japanese machines. Yamahas, Hondas and Suzukis. The money they could earn over and above their contract pay-out put them into a super bracket of high-living, world travelling stars.

The names are now part of motor cycle racing folk-lore. Hailwood, Redman, Ivy, Anderson, Bryans, Duff, Taveri, Perris, Degner, Schneider. The lightweight men.

I know, and appreciate, that there was a bit going on in the bigger classes and that the 500cc men for instance would say that it was hard there, too. It has always been so. But I stress that it was never as hard as it was among the 250s.

There was really big money to be earned: greater prizes of lasting fame and enormous areas of responsibility to be covered by this spread of men. For the first time in the history of racing the men in the middle of this revolution had become an exclusive, affluent set. Money before had never been so freely available. But the demands were severe. It was not easy cash.

It boiled down mainly to a trans-Europe duel between the Hondas of Mike Hailwood and Jim Redman and the Yamahas that Bill Ivy and I had. No disrespect is intended to the other men I have mentioned as the big money earners but this is where the effort was at its most furious.

The Suzuki threat seemed to be directed mainly at the 50cc and 125cc classes and even though they had an incredibly quick 250cc bike they did not have anybody to really make them go.

They were bad handlers, I know, but they were among the fastest bikes around the scene. Until Bertie Schneider, the tough little Austrian, joined them the 'fours' were never made to go to their full potential. I think the riders were probably scared off by the terrible handling capabilities.

The Yamahas did not handle too well either; but Bill Ivy and I never let that bother us. Nothing then seemed to worry us.

The Japanese bosses paid good money and their demands were simple and precise; they wanted wins. They expected you to ride hard – but they expected you to come home in first place. With ten top men, and all that sophisticated machinery around, that

posed some problems. And the only way to resolve them was to go as hard as hell, right on the limit. Not once. But every weekend of the Grand Prix season.

It was plain to me as a man determined to be a full-time professional that I had to get in on the lightweight bike boom to earn anything near the sort of money I would need to keep me happy. It did not really matter which works team I got into I knew that I had to be in one of them as fast as I could.

And I did it the simplest way of all. I wrote to Yamahas and asked them for a job. I was helped a little, I suppose, by their rider, Fumio Itoh. I had become friendly with him at the TT in 1963.

Tony Godfrey had a dreadful crash which might well have killed him and it left Yamahas a runner short: I simply put pen to paper and asked the job. And for a while I heard nothing.

Then, out of the blue when I had almost forgotten about it, I got a cable back saying: "Please ride for us at the Japanese Grand Prix." I could not believe my eyes.

In no time at all I was in Japan for the first time. I could not begin to explain the depth of my feeling. But even now I get a kick out of recalling that first trip.

I was in Japan! It was unbelievable. It was as if somebody had granted me the first of three wishes. Suddenly there I was – and with a great chance to establish myself as a world class rider.

I walked around the Suzuka circuit almost in a trance: it was all bustle and business. Every time I turned round there was another big name from motor cycle racing standing at my shoulder.

But that was the way things went in those days. The pace of life was really that breathtaking and for young men who lived a racy life it was Utopian. Like all the other men there was nothing more I could want out of life – there was only a hunger, in me just like it was in the others, to justify this exalted state in the only way we could. By going quicker and with more success than the next man.

Two years later, when that great Canadian rider Mike Duff crashed, I was asked by Yamahas if there was anybody else who would replace Mike in the team. There was only one man really trying at that time, Bill Ivy, the cocky little Londoner who, I am sure, invented bravery.

When I asked him to join the team he did not even have a passport. He arrived on a visitors' passport; that is the sort of carefree man he was. But



Read leads Hailwood at Daytona. Ralph Bryans and Bill Ivy follow on.

what a rider! And he suited the Japanese like a rider tailor-made for troubleshooting across the face of Europe.

It is a great tragedy that Bill was killed so mysteriously in East Germany. He should not, to my way of thinking, have even considered the Czechoslovakian Jawa he was riding when it happened. It was a notorious "seizer" – but Bill was in need of the money that was offered, even though it was only about £5,000, and the sort of challenge the Jawa presented him was intriguing.

He had a couple of flashy cars at the time and had just ordered an aeroplane and he needed every penny he could get: he had bought a flat near Heathrow from Mike Hailwood and he was really living it up. Bill never had a wish to save money. It was, he felt, earned to be spent in his typical larger-than-life fashion. That is what made him such a great character. Nothing worried him.

I suppose that he would undoubtedly have been a world champion on four wheels had he not been killed on two. Jackie Stewart thought he had great potential and I know that there were other drivers who thought just as highly. He was such a natural and with so much heart behind the determination and skill he had it seemed he could only go right to the top.

Since I went fully international with Yamaha in 1964 I have won more than 40 Grand Prix events and, of course, five world championships, with all the great glory aboard Yamahas.

But despite it all, and even during those halcyon days of the mid-sixties, my earnings have never touched what they have been with MV, probably the greatest name of all in racing. Past or present.

My 1973 contract put me into a higher wage bracket than Mike Hailwood's had been with the team – but even at that I was picking up only half of what Agostini was earning. What with the MV pay-out and my success with Premier helmets I probably hit a peak of financial success that year.

I do not suppose I have had to ride quite so hard as I did for the Japanese, or maybe it only feels that way. But the MV people know that I am quite able to go just as hard as they would want me to. They signed me on that basis because Agostini was having a rough time with Jarno Saarinen in 1972; they needed somebody who was capable of winning, not merely a man who could ride to second place. They wanted a winner – even if it was team orders that Agostini should be first home.

I had to be around, and close enough to take over, if any troubles beset Agostini. And that is a great responsibility; equally as big as the responsibility I had to get the Japanese machines first past the linen.

After the French Grand Prix I was lapping quicker on my 250 Yamaha than he was on the big 500 MV and I was giving him a good run for his money in the race. I knew I would be disqualified because my bike was a 250 in the 500 class so I pulled in when I felt I had made my point.

Agostini was beaten at Clermont Ferrand in the



*In the lead from the start Hailwood
away in the Japanese Grand Prix.*

350 race and I made my moves with MV: I inquired about a ride with them to help out. And, a little later, I got a telegram at home inviting me to meet Count Agusta.

There was no haggling, no trouble about cash. They said they would like me to ride the 350 and join the battle against Saarinen and that was that. There was no question in their mind of my turning down the offer. And they made sure I was adequately compensated for the money I would lose by not racing in the 250cc class, the division where I had clinched the world championship the previous year.

I was certainly happy enough – for there was the additional bait of the possibility of a outing or two on the 500, probably the most exciting racing machine of all time.

Switching from the Yamaha to the MV 350 was pretty difficult, I had no start to learn new techniques and to content myself for a while with an apprenticeship limited only to the 350. I had to forget the idea of a 500 ride until I was happy on the smaller capacity bike.

I do not think that Agostini really wanted anybody in the team. I think he enjoyed the idea of going it alone, facing the odds as a sort of lone star. Now, he felt, he had to race me as well. But I was there to help. I suppose he remembered the troubles between Bill Ivy and me when Yamahas wanted me to win one title and Bill the other; and I decided I would go for both.

But my instruction with MV was to stay as close as I could to Agostini – and that he was to be the number one. There was not much chance of my beating the system because Agostini, being Italian, was given whichever was the quicker machine. I had no real say in the matter and not being able to speak Italian I was in the hands of the mechanics.

But I figured that there was no point in simply trailing him, it had to be a race if I could make it so. And that if he was going to win he had me to beat as well.

Saarinen was clearly no mug and he was desperate to get himself a world title. His desperation, I felt, was forcing him to take risks which I would never have undertaken. He was a wild rider then and erratic, too. He was a man who suddenly became a very hard goer.

Even now he is chancier than most. He rides with a great dependence on other men, banking on the hope they will get out of his way, really pressuring them. He is certainly spectacular and a terrifying



Mike Duff.

figure to watch from behind. He gets himself all over the road and bounces off the kerbs and pavement edges; the bike never seems to stop sliding.

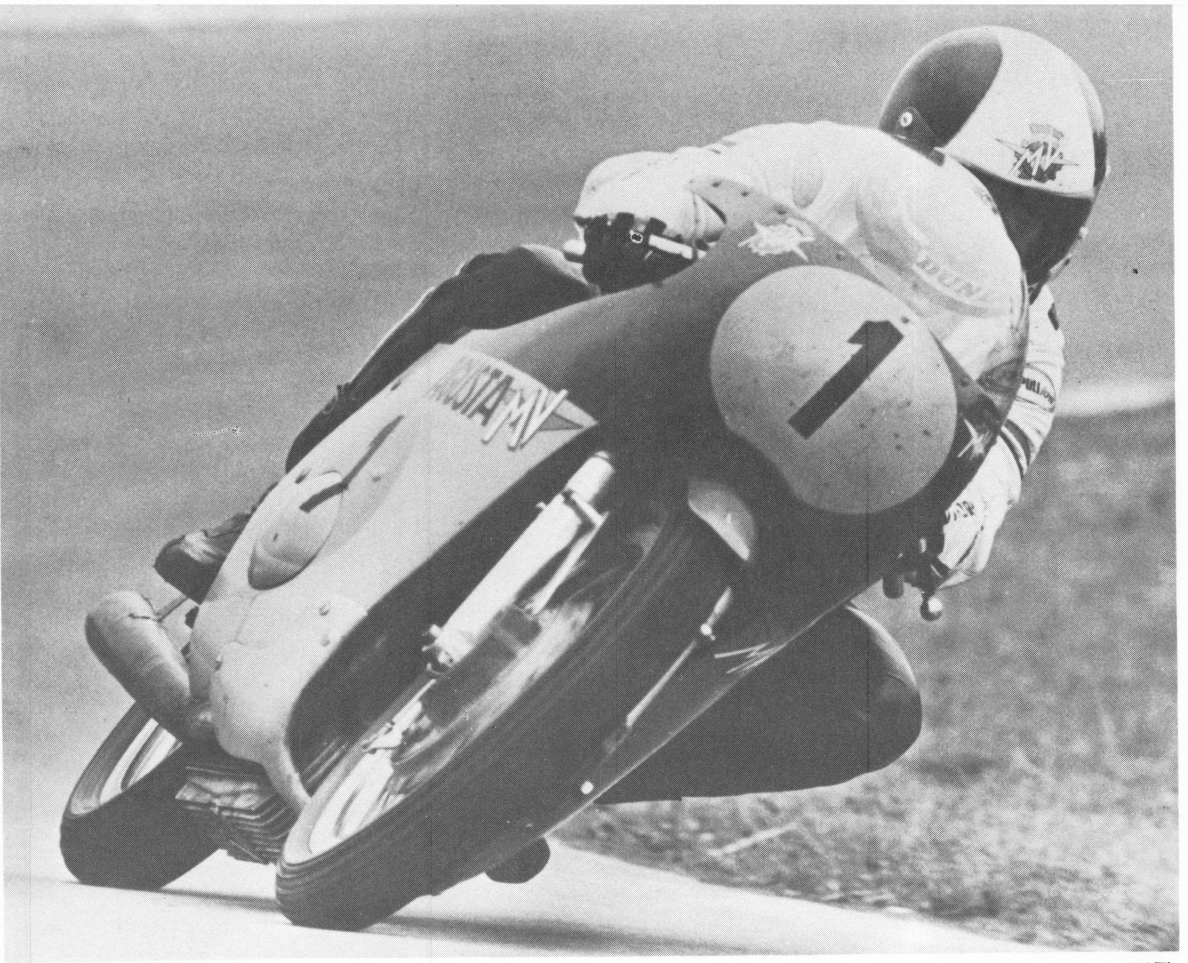
Agostini is worlds different. He is the cool professional. It would not occur to him to cut anybody up or play it dirty and I cannot recall him ever being accused of riding dangerously even when the racing has been at its most furious. He is just not like that.

When Saarinen was giving him a hard time on the 350s in 1972 the Finn had nothing to lose really – and a whole lot to gain. Agostini, on the other hand, had everything to lose. For a start there was the £50,000 or so a year he was earning as well as his reputation.

Saarinen, with his background of ice racing in Finland, was master of this side-by-side dicing. He loved to race closer than any other rider and his machine was a jet. He worked hard on it: he would be up all hours of the night getting it right and then somehow would pull himself together enough to make the thing go like a rocket in the race.

When I joined up with Agostini I got a good close look at Saarinen in Czechoslovakia. Agostini had to pull out of the race at Brno and I was left to face the menace of Saarinen alone – and he turned out to be a tough proposition.

He was throwing his machine about all over the place, into other riders and hardly ever on the same line twice for a corner. I was outraking him. His



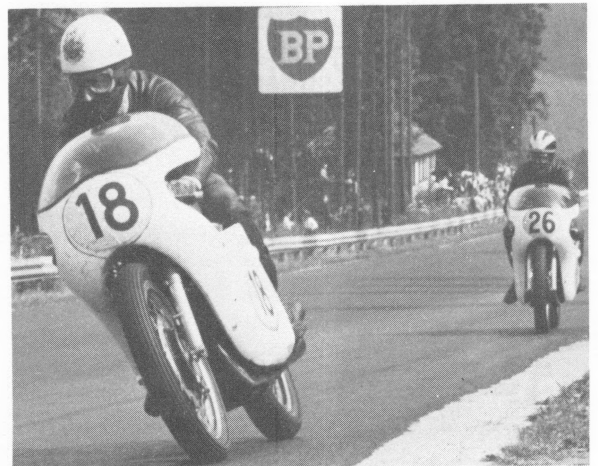
Agostini in the Dutch TT.

machine was so much quicker than mine that it was the only way I could get anything over on him.

We were at it hammer and tongs but he was going for broke and even though I could outbrake him he would simply come dashing through, inside or outside, whichever way seemed convenient, just so long as he got ahead.

It all ended when the MV broke down and I joined Agostini on the sidelines and had to leave Saarinen to an easy romp for first place. Nearly every rider I know who has followed Saarinen for any distance has some tale of a near miss to tell. And it staggers me that he has got away with it without having a serious crash.

As a direct contrast Agostini is the absolute superstar: nobody can really work with him. Being Italian he is flamboyant. He likes to be number one and he works with that aim in mind. That is the only place for him. He is not very forthcoming and



Phil Read with John Hartle.

you do not get too much out of him. At least I don't. In fact, he is a bit offhand.

He is such a positive person, not the least bit Latin in his temperament. He does not blow his top and wave his arms about like you would imagine most Italians do, he takes most upsets quite calmly and without a great deal of demonstration. And once he has stepped off the machine, whatever has happened, then he forgets all about it.

We have not really mixed a great deal socially. He is a bachelor and likes to enjoy the playboy routine and I am married and love to go back to my wife and family when the racing is over. Agostini, of course, like any other wealthy and good looking single man gets down to chasing the dollies.

He is probably, too, the most influential man in racing. A point which, I feel, he does not fully appreciate. When he takes a view about something people normally sit up and take notice. I suppose it is partly because he is usually supported by MV.

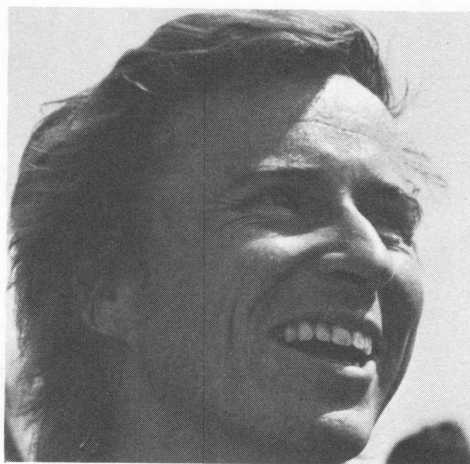
His feelings, for instance, about the TT all brought to a head by the death of Parlotti. That really shocked him. The TT to Agostini is a fairly easy ride, he knows the place so well and is so confident there, but it made no difference to his thoughts once he had made up his mind. I am sure he influenced many other riders: had he gone maybe they would have, too. But he does not use this influence unfairly, he would not plan ahead to, say, alter anybody else's thoughts about the TT circuit.

I enjoy racing at the TT, I quite like the circuit, but MVs supported Agostini and refused to race on the island. I would not dream of criticising them for that decision, rather I would accuse the Isle of Man authorities for not doing something about both the safety factors and the monetary rewards a long time ago. If they had enough vision and imagination they would have forecast this long before the problems arose.

I do feel also that other big firms like MV should stand for the principles of safety and resist the lure of the TT's reputation, instead of accepting automatically as they have done in the past that everything is okay. It is the only way that the TT organisers will be brought to their senses.

When I was asked to join MVs, the last of the truly great and professional works teams, it was a boost to my confidence, a great source of finance and a new responsibility to a world famous concern.

There is a restlessness about MVs, they want to do well all the time, and they are ceaseless in their



Laughing Saarinen.

quest for information on how to improve their breed.

Agostini, it seems, was content to race the bikes without giving them too much advice on how they could improve the strain. When I signed they told me they wanted an experienced rider, not an upcoming star but somebody who would be able to help them in the further development of the bike.

I believe I have already given them some help with regard to the brakes for instance. And I have made one or two other constructive suggestions which they have told me have been of great use to them.

When Saarinen started to beat Agostini they were really shocked and it was then, I suppose, they realised a lot more should have been done much earlier to develop the machine. It was whacked for speed and with Saarinen prepared to mix it with the Yamaha the MV was well down on chances with only Agostini's riding, and later mine, to pull it through.

I am sure that the MV will stay in its rightful place – at the very pinnacle of racing achievement. And to be part of that great dream is personally extremely satisfying.

To be a member of the exclusive MV riders' club is almost enough in itself. When I think of those great men before me, John Surtees, Hailwood, Gary Hocking, Agostini and the rest of them, I feel as if my name has already been written for ever into racing's history books.

Phil Read on the MV in the Isle of Man.



THE INTERNATIONAL AUSSIE

**Kel Carruthers, the
man who always
likes it hot**

YOU could trace your eye over the whole spectrum of motor cycle racing and I would wager that you could not find a tougher man than this fiery little Australian from Sydney. Nor many more talented.

Carruthers, slightly-built but wiry, balding and not 36-years-of-age, removed himself from the hurly burly of racing with the Continental Circus to chase a bigger pot of gold on the circuits of America in 1971.

He left behind only memories of greatness, of tigerish and frightening battles with Rodney Gould and Jarno Saarinen across the face of Europe, behind the Iron Curtain into East Germany and Czechoslovakia, through Italy and into Scandinavia.

Wherever the racing was hottest, the pace at its most furious, Carruthers was in the thick of it. Excessive heat, torrential rain. It was all the same to him. He shirked nothing to buffet shoulders with awesome opposition in dices for the tightest corners.

But the end of racing on the east side of the Atlantic came for him when he had his first taste of competition U.S.-style at Daytona, the great and splendid speedbowl of Florida.

He owed nothing to Europe. He had acquitted himself magnificently at home in Australia, had given great pleasure to millions in Europe, and at the TT, and was all set to reap some financial return for the unstinting effort he had made. World fame, with instant judgements made at reckless speeds, had been his on the continent of Europe.

The lure of America, the easing of pressure on a professional racer as compared with that in Europe, was a magnet too attractive to resist.

He scored a great victory at Daytona – and then became the first foreign rider ever to win an American



national event when he thundered across the line first in the Atlanta 125-miler in Spring, 1971.

America was now finding out what Europe and Australia already knew about one of the sport's finest riders . . .

Carruthers, a fearsome battler when the linen fluttered, had been right at the top of his homeland,

Australia, before he set out to find greater glory, and a world title, in Europe.

In the early 60's, when racing in Europe was coming under the Japanese influence, Carruthers was dominating the Australian circuits with a works 250cc Honda and his own Nortons.

He, like so many other great Aussies, switched his ambitions to Europe, edged his way into the Italian Benelli line-up, and clinched a world 250cc title for them in 1969.

A year later, riding Yamahas, he ran Rod Gould and Giacomo Agostini close for their titles in the 250cc and 350cc classes: he made sure they had to work hard for their triumphs.

His affections by then had been ensnared by the new wave of super-fast Yamahas and, with a full-time job as a racing consultant for the company in the offing in America, he moved across the Atlantic. For him it was the ideal pairing of his interests . . . racing and developing.

He had anticipated an end to his association with Benellis and signed up with Yamaha dealer Don

Vesco; he won the Daytona 250cc race for the famous Californian and then returned for just one more season to Europe. That's when he was twice runner-up in the world title hunt – behind Gould and Agostini.

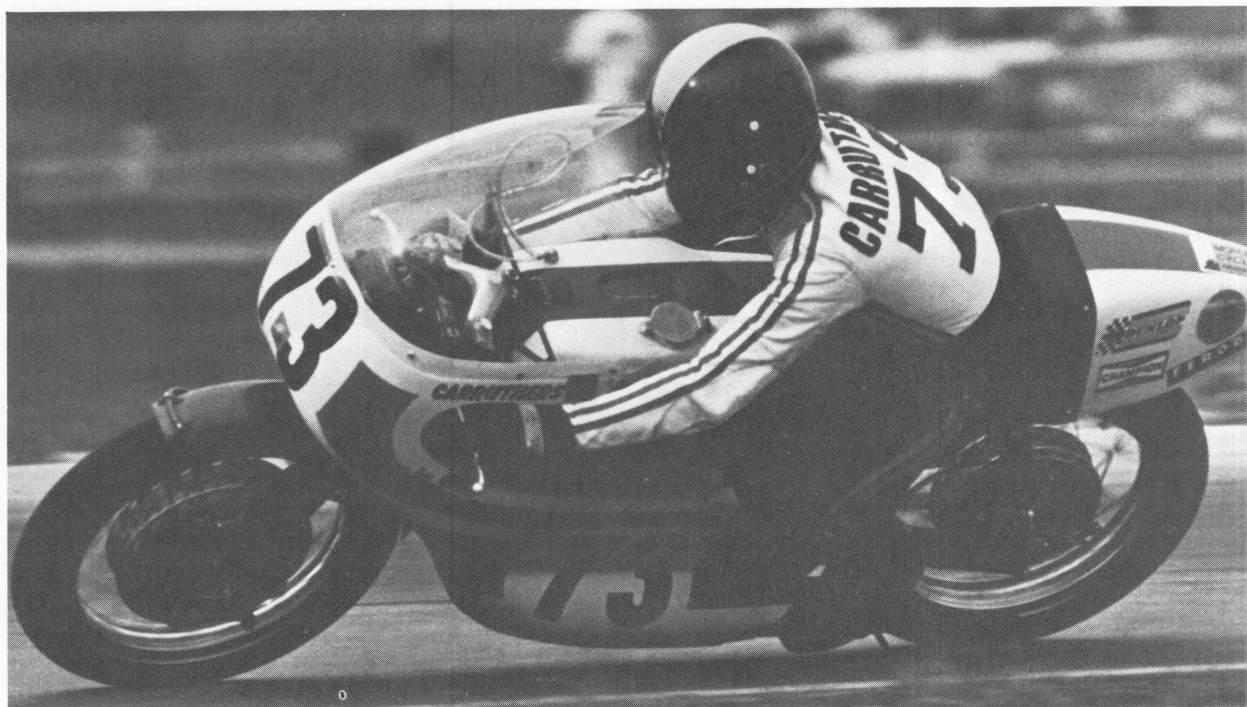
He, his wife Jan and their children, Kerry, Paul and Sharon, moved to California and it did not take him long to get to where he had been in Australia and in Europe. To the top of the tree.

He got there in history making style. He became the first non-American to clinch that national championship race when he won the 125-miler at Atlanta.

But why did he opt for the uncertainty of the American scene when there was still so much promise for him in Europe?

"For two reasons," he told me before he left, "I wanted a better family life, something more steady to replace the nomadic existence we had in Europe.

"And, secondly, the money. The return for effort was far greater in prospect in America than ever it was in Europe."



Kel Carruthers at speed at Daytona.

Carruthers who had a friend to double as a mechanic and as tutor to his children during the hectic race season across the Continent was clearly worried about the future of his two youngsters.

In Europe, he said, he flogged himself with effort at more than 30 meetings: in America he could live better on only seven races and he did not have the wearying problem of pulling a caravan the length and breadth of Europe in order to keep a roof over his family's head and avoid the prohibitive cost of hotel bills.

He finished his first year financially much better off; his kids were at a regular school and Jan, at long last, had a settled home to look after in San Diego.

Unlike England and Europe racers in America could not rely on start money; to be rich you have to be successful, and that means winning. If you are good you survive, if not you go under.

Carruthers was – and is – good and his own gritty determination would not allow him to fail.

Expenses, because of the distance riders have to travel to meetings, are high. But then so are the prizes. And, anyway there is no embarrassing bartering for start money which means a rider can aim to win without the bitterness of getting no change out of the organisers hanging over him even before the off.

Minimum prize money for a top-of-the-bill win is upwards of £1,200 and a 250cc winner can collect around £600. And the prize money normally goes down as far as the 20th place.

There are bonuses galore, free kit and petrol and help from all manner of sources in a promotion minded race atmosphere. A national meeting win adds even more to the prize money and to the sponsorship. But there is, of course, the cost of getting there.

And that, for a man California-based like Carruthers, could be expensive. It slices around £250 from his wallet to get to and from San Diego and Daytona, a round trip of 6,000 miles.

What does he miss most about the old Circus life?

He said: "The mateyness. Everybody was friendly in those days. Life was changing all the time: it was never the same two days running.

"We all used to live side by side, camping together, willingly helping each other, happy to be involved in somebody else's problems. It was fun – but very tiring at times.

"In America it's entirely different. It is, I suppose,

more professional, more like the car race world.

"Riders usually live in some nearby motel and arrive at the circuit with bikes ready and prepared and they seem to be more remote from each other."

What about the circuits? Carruthers, a lifetime fan of genuine road racing surfaces, opined: "In America the circuits are not all that good – they have too many slow corners. It's okay for the spectators but I like to get on with it. That's why I used to enjoy the Ulster and the Sachsenring in East Germany."

The great American need for smooth organisation is an aspect of racing in the States that has appealed to Kel, a man brought up to struggle through the untidiness of paddocks and people at Europe's Grand Prix circuits.

He explained: "The organisation is generally very good. The AMA, not the organising club, supply all the officials. That way you are constantly meeting the same people at all the big meetings. You get to know them and it makes things easier.

"Even the mechanics are under strict control. They can earn themselves around £80 week – but they have to have a licence. They also have to agree to wear white overalls or overalls in the team livery. Organisers are conscious of the need to improve the image of the sport all the time.

"The AMA really looks after its riders. They try to make sure that all their members are treated fairly."

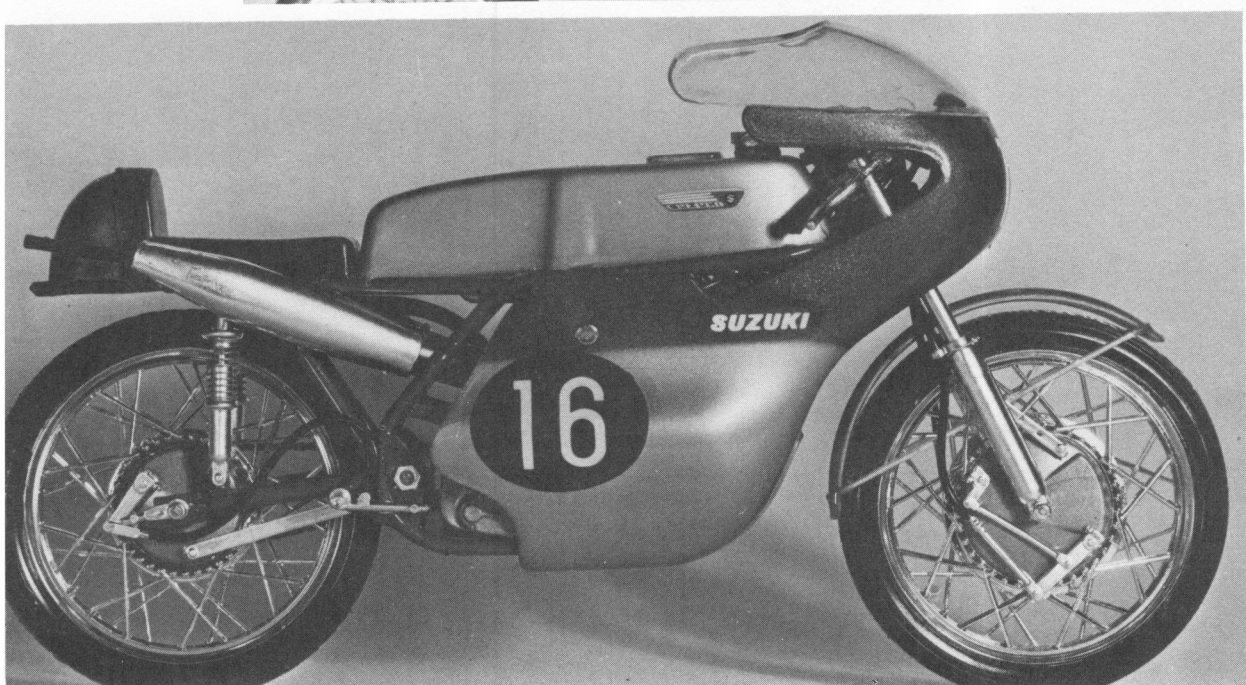
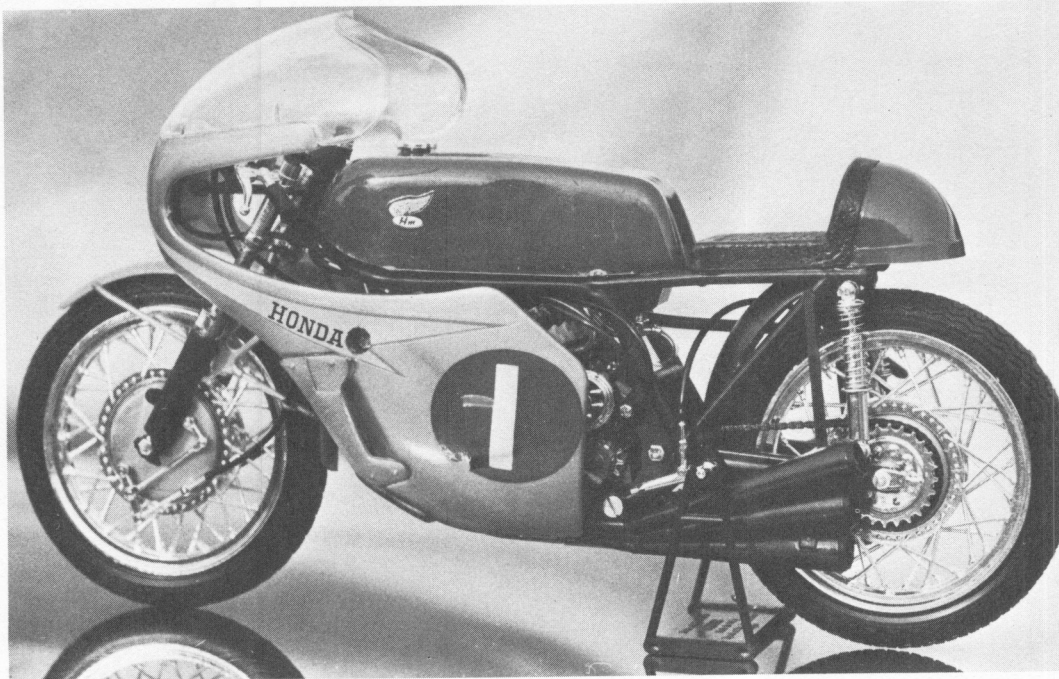
What about the star American men we have seen take on and beat the best of Britain's aces both in England and in the United States?

Said Kel: "The American riders are improving all the time. As the sport expands the riders are developing with it and now, I believe, the time is well past when a top rider from Europe could arrive in America and win just as he wanted."

I do not suppose that Kel Carruthers has ever spoken a truer sentence than that . . .

BIKES WITH A DIFFERENCE

A Honda and a Suzuki right enough, but can you tell the difference? They are 1:9 scale models by Arney-Taylor, Morbidelli suppliers of London, and everything works.



THE 750 HAS

By Frank Perris

THE awful beauty about motor cycle racing is that you can never get it out of your blood once you have been bitten by the excitement of it all.

And that is just the way it has been with me – but I have been luckier than most. I was around in those great golden days of the mid-sixties when Mike Hailwood, Jim Redman, Phil Read, and Bill Ivy were mixing it frighteningly on the worlds finest circuits with the quickest bikes in the business.

Now I feel I am on the brink of another breakthrough: this time with the big bangers, the Formula 750 machines which I firmly believe will bring new thrills and glamour to a racing scene that sadly needs an injection.

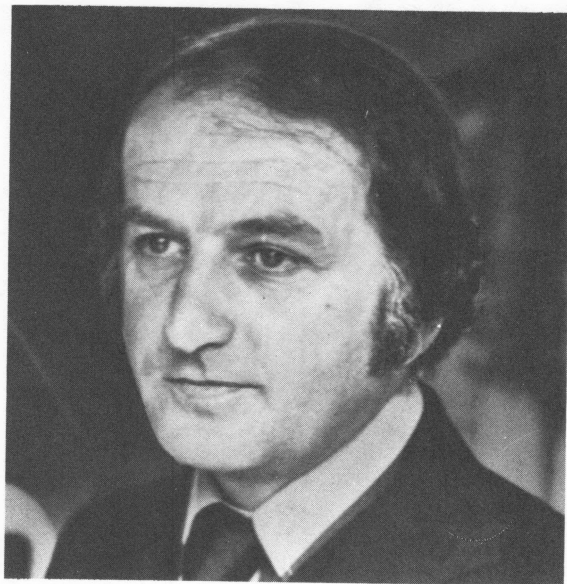
Just as the recent past was so stirring I am convinced that the near future will be just as stimulating. My view is not coloured by the fact that I am deeply involved in the middle of this racing revolution – it is more like something I can feel deep down, an instinct. I *know* that race enthusiasts all over the world are itching to see and hear these massive, beefy motor bikes handled so expertly by a new breed of great riders.

Racing forms all the boundaries of my life, it always has done, I suppose.

When I got too old to race really competitively I felt as if a vital part of me was slowly being taken away and I began to look for something else to replace it.

I was scheming my plans for my 22nd year of racing when I hit one of the luckiest streaks of my life: the Norton bid to take this famous name back to the top of the world of racing coincided with my concluding career as a racer.

I suppose really that I had sampled just about the best of everything in racing – and, of course, I had the great culmination in being a works rider for Suzuki alongside Ernst Degner, that great little



East German, and the New Zealander, Hugh Anderson, one of the toughest men in the business.

I had, like so many other hopeful riders, gone through the grind of beating off the breadline to keep private machines on the go in the hurly-burly of racing both in Britain and abroad.

Racing for me began in those dark far off days of 1950, a point I can hardly believe now. It seems so long ago.

But then shortly afterwards I was given works rides with AMC and mixed them in with private effort on a Norton. And, almost before I could catch my breath, the Japanese invasion of racing began and, gratefully, I was swept along with it.

Star names like Hailwood, Redman, Read and Ivy were quickly sounded out by Honda and Yamaha. The Japs knew where the world's finest and tested riders were to be found and they did not waste any time or money in signing them up.

I lined up with Degner and Anderson and, despite my size, I concentrated on the smaller classes, the 50s, 125s and 250s, those super-fast flyers

ROAR OF HOPE



Ray Pickrell and Phil Read wait for start.

that never seemed to be able to match their speed with reliability or stamina. They were mad, mad days with life lived out on the very rim of survival, with racing as close as anybody could want it and with the big Japanese factories piling money and know-how into the Grand Prix scene to reap the giant financial rewards.

We were the kings then. Flights to Japan merely to test ride a machine or for a pep talk were commonplace: the millionaire class comfort of charter flights, hotel rooms that were only ever de luxe and an international acceptance of our particular skills and

talents that made us, I suppose, into devil-may-care idols.

The wages we were paid were big, our jobs were coveted by every other rider in the business: organisers around the world used to rub their hands and the fans would turn up in their vast thousands... but it all played havoc with our nerves. We seemed to spend every awakened hour keyed up for the next race.

Our Suzukis never seemed to be able to match the Hondas and the Yamahas once they had been fully developed and, more often than not, the

Suzuki men were left riding on hope trying to get on terms with the front running aces. The tension was bad enough for us – I cannot begin to imagine what it was like for them. And, I suppose, that is why men like Hailwood and Ivy used to relax in such crazy and wild fashion.

Redman and Read always seemed to take things much quieter after a race – but Hailwood and Ivy, when they were big friends as well as race rivals, would go berserk with their strange sense of relaxation.

Unscheduled dips into the nearest swimming pool fully dressed seemed to be a favourite: another was hanging upside down from a tree outside the San Eustorgio hotel, near Monza, testing who could last longest, terrifying races along the measured mile of Daytona Beach, Florida in hire cars or plain straight forward booze-ups among men who were largely non-drinkers and who would visibly slump within only a short time of having their first taste.

I remember once a game of golf at the TT becoming suddenly boring and within seconds the four men in the match were hurtling down the hills of the course balanced precariously on the axles of the trolleys, legging them to go faster, and steering them handle-first at the most awesome slopes. It all ended when a white-faced official from the clubhouse came chasing out across the fairways to bring a halt to this gross departure from etiquette.

There did not seem to be any thought in the minds of the crazy riders for the dangers that could befall them – and they were riding in a big race the day after. But that is just the way things were then.

Despite my works supported rides it was ironic that I should get my best TT result, a high spot that gives me my greatest pleasure, when I steered an Eddie Crooks Suzuki into second place in the 1969 250 TT. After that result I felt I had just about had enough and right there, on the spot, I decided to retire.

I can remember only telling Ted Macauley, the editor of this book, that I was retiring. I kept it quiet otherwise and simply packed my bags and headed for the first available boat.

I watched the Isle of Man fading in the wake of the steamer and thought "Well thats that. I have finished and I will never go back." How wrong can you be?

There was nothing, however, that I could find to do to replace the special brand of magic that racing brings. I worked briefly in a successful building

concern in Durban, South Africa, but even when I was fully employed, even when my days were packed with involvement, my mind would not stay clear of the thought that I would like to have another stab at racing once more.

And back I came – the moth drawn to the candle of racing. Rita, my wife, and my little girl, Tara, and I set off to join the Continental Circus and hurried happily to the far reaches of Europe and Scandinavia and I felt happy to be back in the atmosphere of engine oil, nuts, bolts and spanners, high revving machines and, above all, the comradeship of paddock life.

Lord Denbigh, a motor cycle racing fanatic, offered me a ride and I enjoyed myself. I was lucky, most of the race organisers remembered me from the old Suzuki days and they must have reckoned I gave them some value for money because they made me good offers to start. I broke more than even . . .

At the back of my mind I was restless to find some niche that would keep me involved actively within the sport. I was getting a great kick out of my riding, but the hairline was going back a little and I was able to talk to younger riders about some of my contemporaries who were stars they had never even heard of . . . !

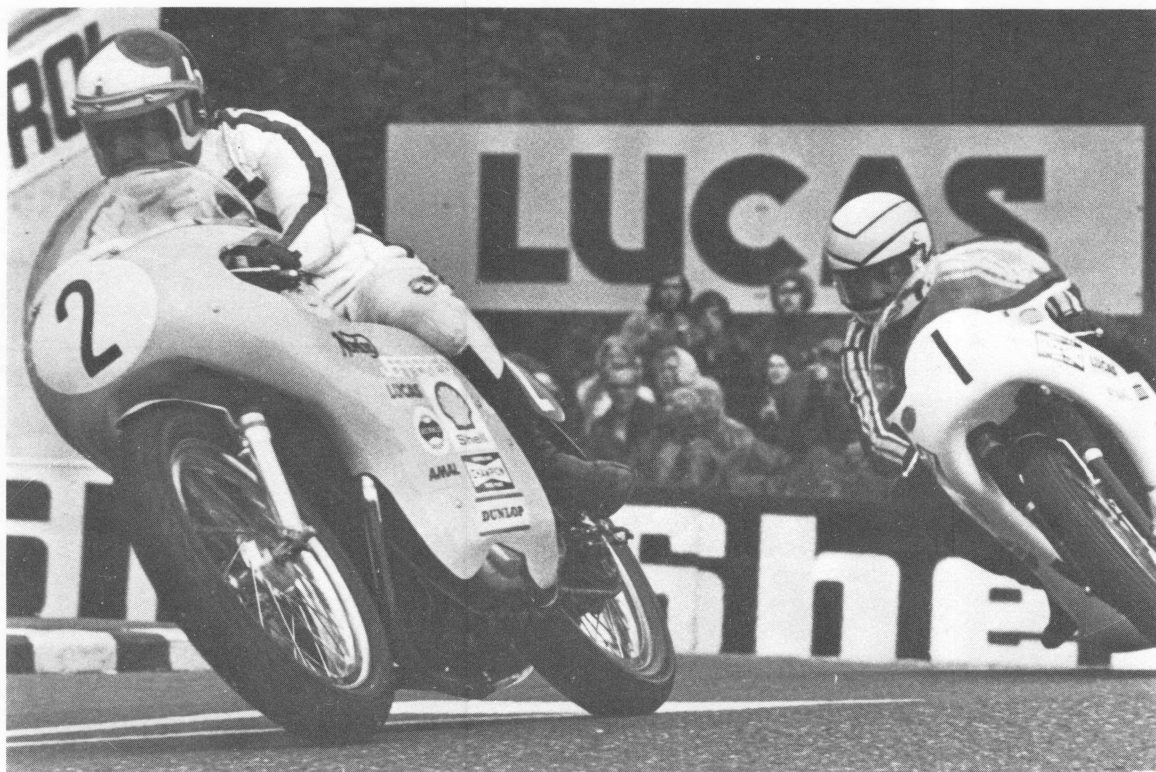
But jobs in racing are hard to come by: I did not realise it just then but one was being fashioned. And it was right up my street. The Norton job, of course. But I knew nothing about it until Robin Miller, the editor of Motor Cycle News, a very fine magazine in England, approached me on tentative terms as the link man.

A man I had barely heard of, Dennis Poore, a financier and industrialist, asked Robin if he knew of anybody who might fit the requirements of the job as competitions manager for Norton.

I met Robin accidentally at the British Motor Cycle Racing Club dinner in London and he almost casually put the proposition to me – but he would not reveal what the company was, nor would he say anything more than the fact that the job was to manage a racing team, a new one.

The prospect excited me – involvement was what I wanted. And here it was being put on a plate for me. If I had known then just what the job was I think I would have needed smelling salts and then something to help me sleep at nights waiting for the official appointment.

It was some time later that Mr. Poore telephoned me from his city office in London and asked me to



Tony Jefferies and Ray Pickrell in the Isle of Man.

meet him. Perris had made his final come-back as a racer. I decided that after only a few minutes talking with this determined, exciting businessman.

I had hoped earlier for something with the Triumph concern or, because of my contacts, with a Japanese factory, but this was beyond my wildest expectations.

What about this man Poore? His company, Manganese Bronze, performed a great lifesaving act when it took over Associated Motor Cycles in 1965. It put life into Norton and gave this famous name a chance to live again.

He has a great feel for racing which was developed in him years ago when he himself competed. He used to race works Aston Martins and won, among other things, the Goodwood nine-hour event in 1955. He was also the RAC hillclimb champion and a British Grand Prix challenger in the early fifties. It is easy to see from all that he is a determined man, a driving force and, therefore, just what the name of Norton needed to restore its proud name.

But there is more to him. He has a unique ability to sway your thoughts towards his way of thinking and to fill you with enthusiasm.

I did not particularly want to be twisting the grips any more as a racer; I did not feel that my heart was really in the competitive side and that waning keenness allied to Mr Poore's soaring enthusiasm really persuaded me that helping to put the Norton name back on the map was my calling.

It was the biggest news for years: Norton's were going racing again. The most famous name in the history of the sport was about to be flying high once more.

But this was a completely resurrected company with only the name Norton as the connection between the old successes and the new ideas. It was, I felt, about time that a strong promotional bid was made to exploit British racing and machinery. Mr Poore was a kindred spirit on this issue. He put me in absolute charge with a salary that eased the pain of leaving behind the active section of the racing

scene – and then John Player joined us in an exciting new partnership.

The budget had to be watched for the first year, which was, we felt, largely experimental. I had to pull in the reins as much as possible and cover the racing year as cheaply as I dared without starving the idea and the plan to death.

My orders were simple: find a team of good riders to give the Formula 750 Nortons a flying start on the international scene. Easier said than done. For, after all, this was a new project and some riders are notoriously wary of untried equipment.

I inherited an efficient racing department from Peter Inchley. There were nine excellent mechanics, a secretary, a draughtsman, a work chaser and, of course, Peter Williams, a great rider and knowledgeable engineer.

But at the back of my mind I wanted somebody else, somebody who could bring us something more. In a word: publicity. And that meant a big name rider.

The question was: who would join us on the basis of only a few faint promises? I had little to offer in terms of big money and, what was worse, I could not really promise a good, world beating machine.

Everything had been developed in such a hurry and was largely experimental. It was hit and miss and the world of motor cycle racing was alive to that.

But I wracked my brains and decided to take the plunge and go for the best there was – Phil Read. He was just the sort of image I needed. He was flamboyant, a great rider and the type of man who could attract publicity and attention. And he was the reigning world 250cc champion, a title he earned with his own money as a privateer and with his own superb skills and bravery.

But would he accept? Phil, like us all, enjoys money I could not help out too much on that score. But there was the fact that he would be part of the Norton team, organisers would want to lure him to their meetings and, I suppose, the wages were not all that bad, even if they were not what he had been used to being paid.

Something about the deal must have stirred him because to my surprise he agreed to link up with us even on the basis of a diet of thin promises. But Phil is a fighter and I imagine that the idea of battling for Nortons appealed to him. I was delighted.

We had one or two problems when MV-Agusta asked him to join with Giacomo Agostini in the 350cc battle against the rather troublesome Jarno Saarinen.

And Phil, with the light of battle in his eyes, was in his element.

Despite his divided allegiances, and despite his obvious joy at being chosen to ride the fabulous MVs, he did a really great job for us.

Peter Williams, the shyer, more retiring type was performing magnificently and with his usual immaculate riding was an eye-catching sight. Phil, on the other hand, was also riding well – but somehow he has always had this special knack of getting himself into the limelight. And this was very helpful to the Norton name.

Now I feel the boot is on the other foot: now I feel that the novelty part of the re-emergence of Norton has passed and we can perform the service the other way. *We* will bring the publicity and the promotion to the riders . . . we, not them so much, will make the news. But I must admit, it needed a start with somebody like Phil Read to help us into this happy position.

We had a terrible, disastrous time at the TT in June 1972. It was our first really big home prestige showing and it could not have turned out worse than it did. Even now I shudder when I recall the troubles we had and the problems that hit us one after the other until I was nearly beside myself with disappointment.

The TT became a race against survival for us in the Norton camp even before we could get to grips with the opposition – and we were quickly approaching a low ebb. I did not realise just how down we would be feeling before the TT was over.

We had been burning the midnight oil in the garages up at our headquarters, an hotel overlooking Douglas Bay and its belt of twinkling lights. And my team of mechanics were red-eyed with the overtime effort they had to put in.

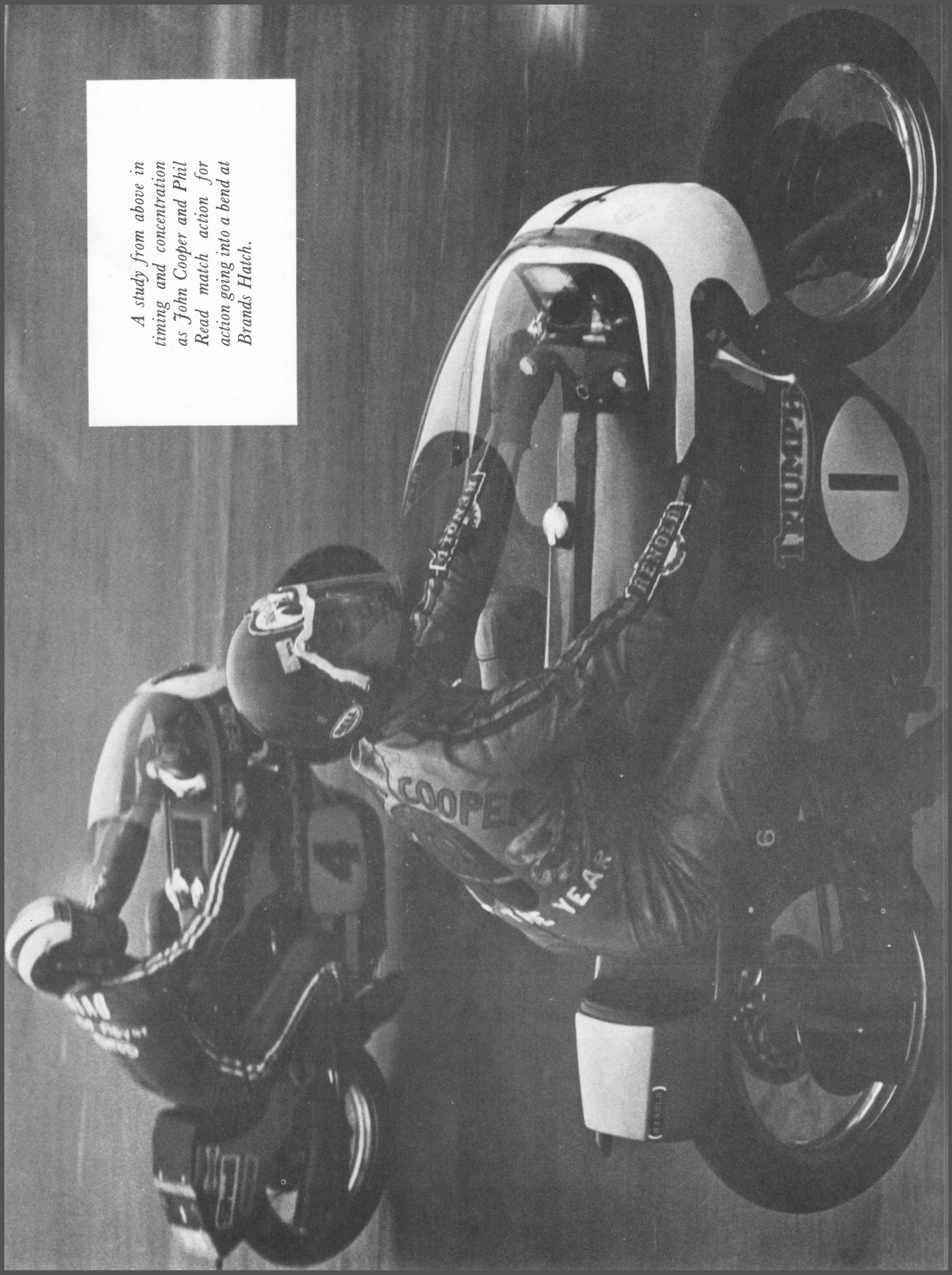
The trouble was the gearboxes we were using. They were shattering one after the other. I almost lost count but when I came to reckon it all up I found that seven boxes had gone useless. It was heart-breaking – but we were determined not to give up.

We tried everything we knew: we even considered installing four-speed boxes to replace the five-speed . . . but they would hardly have pulled the bikes around the up hill and down dale course at anything like a respectable pace.

The only answer was a gamble; we opted for a bigger rear hub and we had to get them flown in specially from Italy to save the Norton challenge.

The men in the line-up were the most formidable

*A study from above in
timing and concentration
as John Cooper and Phil
Read match action for
action going into a bend at
Brands Hatch.*



trio in the world – Phil Read, Peter Williams and John Cooper. The machinery, we hoped, would be as impressive as the talent aboard it. We were looking across at the Triumph camp for our main opposition. There, with Ray Pickrell and Tony Jefferies, they seemed to be having a trouble free build-up.

Peter Williams made an eleventh hour dash to the old RAF air-strip at Jurby to test the new hubs and give the troublesome gearboxes a real work-out. He came back reasonably happy. But the big battle was to come – and the big disappointment.

It was my first TT as a backroom boy and I felt the tension just as much as I had done when I was a rider, probably more so. Because now I had three men to care for – and the name of Norton to uphold. I went to bed the night before the race with a great feeling of trepidation. Those gearboxes, with such massive power being belted through them, were the weak link in the chain that I hoped would pull us to glory.

What had gone before for these massive 70 bhp

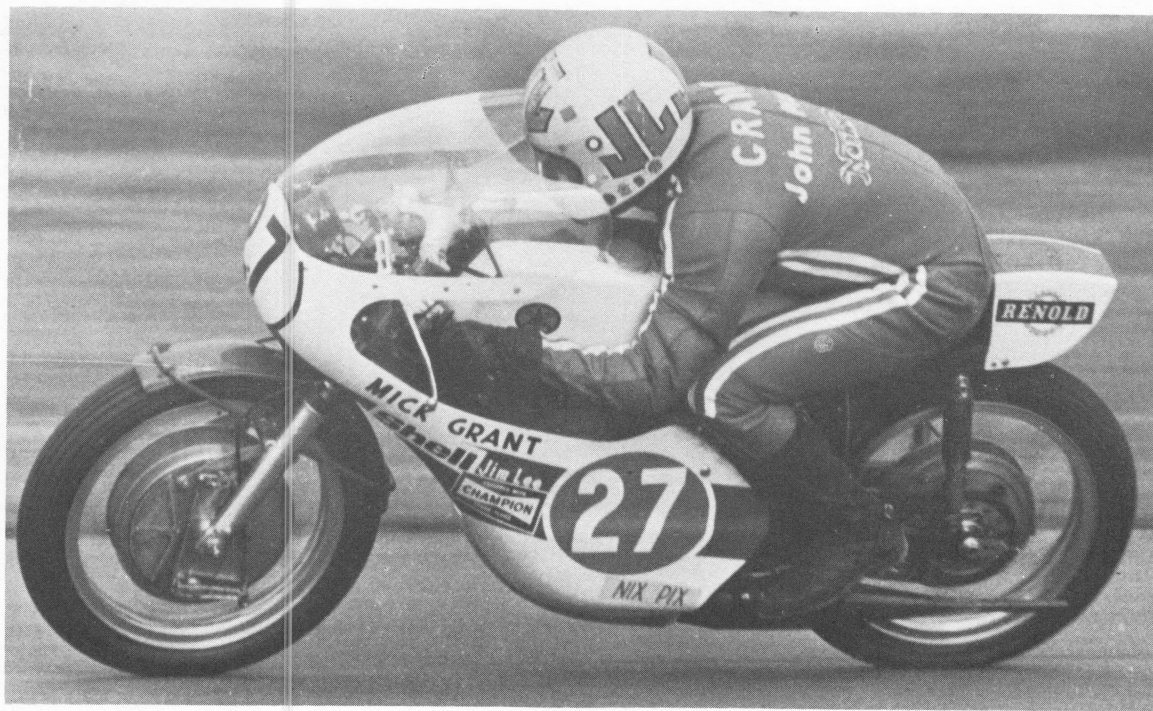
bikes? The build-up to the TT had been swift and we had learned a lot. At Daytona, earlier in the year, Phil Read had ridden a John Player Norton into fourth place and then in the match race series against a tough bunch of Americans Peter Williams had equalled the lap record at Brands Hatch.

Then there had been brake troubles: more trouble with results at Imola and, generally, not too much success. The TT, therefore, we hoped would put us in front. And we had a really determined bid to make it a success.

I woke up on Thursday morning, June 8, 1972, with a good deal of hope in my heart. It was replaced by desolation before night had fallen . . .

Phil Read, Peter Williams and John Cooper had all got off to a good start and were soon mixing it with Ray Pickrell and Tony Jefferies. It was a battle that promised to make this a memorable TT.

But, by the end of the first lap, Phil Read had pulled into the pits at the grandstand. His engine was misfiring and he said he could not get the



Mick Grant.

machine to go any quicker than 100 miles an hour: the brake at the back was binding so much that it wrecked the bike's performance in third and top. Then in came Cooper – his gear pedal had fallen off. Both were out.

Peter Williams was left to fight a lone battle. He was nearly 15 bhp down on the Triumphs – but he was fighting for all his worth in a typically brave and determined ride against all the odds.

Pickrell, just about one of the finest ever performers on the TT course, was riding brilliantly and his machine was faultless. That was the difference... the Norton's gearboxes gave up the battle. And even though Peter had topped Ray's 147-miles-an-hour through the speed trap by 12-miles-an-hour it was the heart rending stripping of teeth that took the bite out of the gearbox and shed him from the race.

I stood in the pits hardly able to believe my ears when I heard the tannoy announcement that Peter had been forced out at Ballaugh: my shoulders dropped, my head came down and I felt as miserable as sin. The mechanics defeatedly, dejectedly packed their toolboxes and we all left the scene of our failure in great sadness.

There were some people who mistakenly and quite wrongly blamed Phil for not trying hard enough because he had clinched the 250cc title in the morning. All I can say is that I have never heard so much rubbish: Phil tried his best because he rides to win all the time. He is too much the professional to play in any other way.

As for John Cooper and Peter Williams they both ran into the same sort of bad luck that had been shadowing us all through out preparation period for the TT. And you simply cannot beat that.

Ray deserved his victory and Tony rode magnificently to score his second place.

I would just like to record my tribute to Ray's great skill by logging his progress. The lap record stood at 103.21 mph before the off. Both the men lapped inside that every time. Ray did it this way: on lap one, from a standing start, he clocked 104.48 mph, upped it to 105.04 on the second sensational circuit even when he was slowing for a petrol stop, and finished lap three at 104.43 mph.

His fourth lap was an almost unbelievable and breathtaking 105.68 mph and his finale was seen out at 104.66 mph to give him a race average of 104.23 mph, better even than Tony Jefferies' lap record of the year before, 1971.

Jefferies had a best lap of 103.99 – and then never

dropped below 101 mph for any of his following lap times.

It was Ray's fourth TT victory and afterwards he showed us what the TT and 750 racing is all about by saying: "What did I do? 105 miles an hour? It felt more like 205. But I enjoyed every minute of it. It was great.

"But what a shame that those Nortons didn't make it – that would have added up to some race."

The Triumph people were quite naturally feeling jubilant while my feelings were indescribable. I saw Mr Poore and told him that I would like to go back to my hotel and shoot myself.

He said: "Oh, don't do that, Frank. We need you. It was just another race." Just another race! The TT! I reasoned that if the boss could think that way then so must I.

I had a few drinks, drowned my sorrows and decided that I must do something about the whole sad business the day after. That way the bedlam of the TT died, the ballyhoo faded and we were left with the future. And that was what became more important than those disappointments on the island. The future.

There were some great highlights to look back on in season '72 – Phil's lead at Daytona for four laps, then Peter beat Paul Smart, fair and square, in a brilliant ride at the Hutchinson 100. Phil headed Smart's Kawasaki at Brands in the last race of the season with a superbly judged move on the final bend – and then Phil, again, set up the absolute lap record at Rungis, the new circuit in the Paris market area.

I really am sorry to have lost Phil to MV-Agusta, but obviously nobody would want to stand in the way of an ambitious man. Our deal was that Phil could ride both the Nortons and the MV but Count Agusta did not want it that way. He specified MVs alone and with the possibility of a 750cc MV that is logical enough.

Phil, being keen to race in as many competitive events and classes as possible, was given the chance of three areas with MV... the 350, 500 and 750. And who would want to turn that down? Certainly not Phil.

We had John Cooper in as a replacement and then he got hurt. He was a great partner for Peter Williams who won the 1973 750 in the Isle of Man. I'm only sorry I could not fit Mick Grant in, but although a great prospect he still had to prove himself on a 750.

I prefer Mick to think that he had been laid off for a year rather than dropped altogether from my plans. By then he will have amassed some more experience and will be all the better for it. He showed his great potential by scoring a tremendous win in the South African Grand Prix at the start of season '73.

Cooper, when the mood is on him, is a formidable competitor and a rider of immense quality and style. He is a winner, a terrier of a man when it comes to hey-lads-hey and a man who refuses to back down from any challenge, however severe.

The Formula 750 class will, I forecast, become the hotbed of motor cycle race interest over the next few years. It will capture the imagination and the following that the 250s did in the mid-sixties.

The noise, the colourful size of the machines and the massive power they give out will make them a great spectacle: with the best riders aboard these bikes the circuits of the world will, I am sure, feel the full impact of racing back to its most glamorous level.

I know the FIM are traditional and haters of change. But with so many influential, big money manufacturers interested in the 750 project I feel certain that the formula must become a world

championship class. Too many races at the moment hold no magic

But imagine a world championship 750cc event with Nortons lined up against Harley-Davidsons, Suzukis, Kawasakis, MVs, Ducatis and the rest. What a dream that is to hold onto!

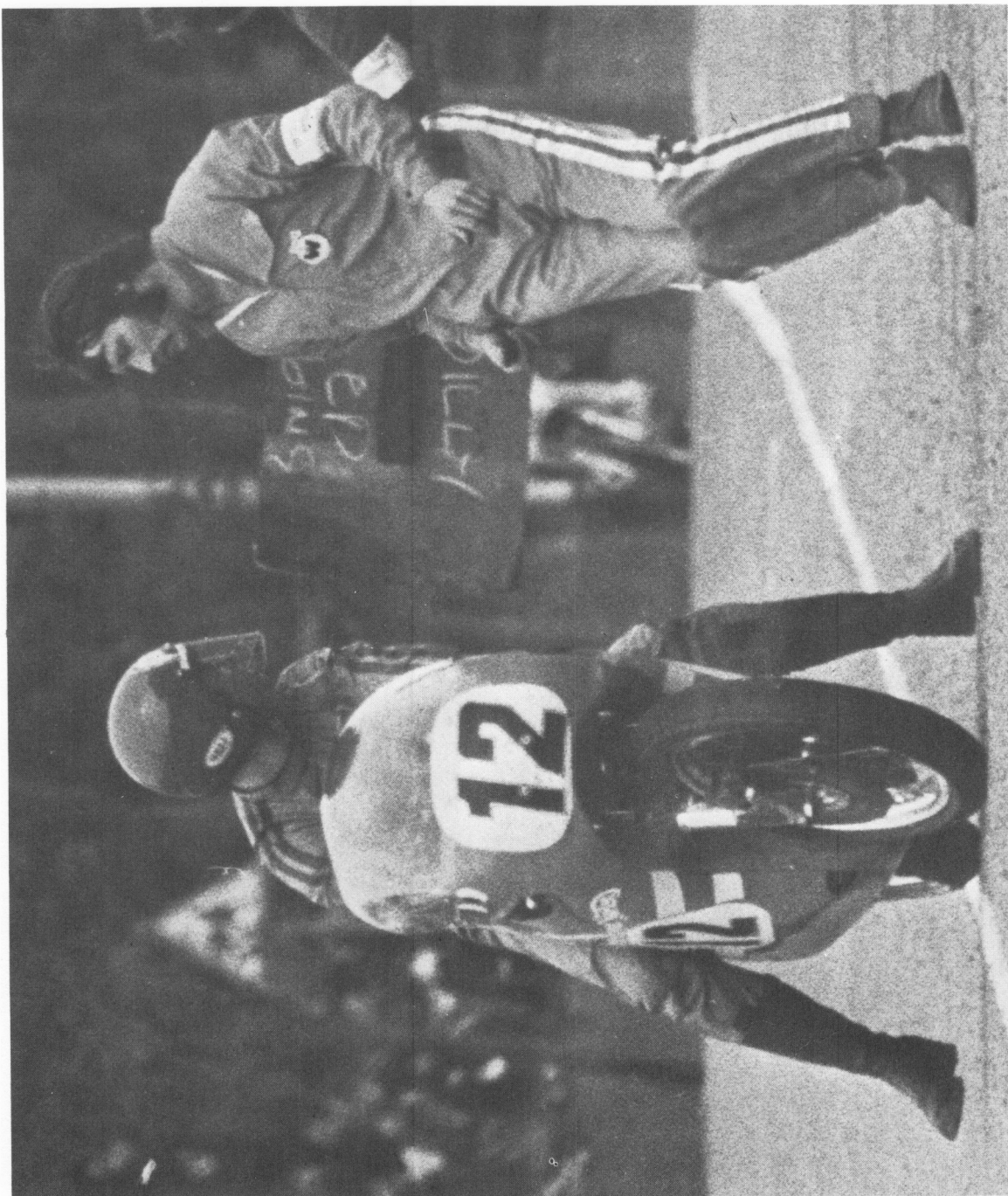
Nothing could excite a crowd more than these 180-miles-an-hour monsters of machinery thundering in close order one after the other and chasing a world title; they look fearsome and they make a fearsome noise. But they are built to provide thrills that have long since faded on the world's circuits.

It could also throw up a new, great breed of rider. The greater the challenge, the greater the chance that a new Mike Hailwood could emerge. That in itself would be a reward. For there has been nobody to match his box office pull since he quit; there has been nobody to step into limelight that was especially his. There are no copies around – and apparently no originals on the way up.

Maybe the 750 Formula will give us one: my only regret is that I cannot be racing them. But I am tickled pink to be at the heart of what will turn into a racing revolution.



Ted Macauley and Phil Read re-run an Isle of Man race.



John Cooper gets pits advice.

Be bold at



Ballaugh



The star and the tail-ender show the way at Ballaugh during the 1972 T.T. Coming down (far left) is Aussie Jack Findlay and on the high level (left) is Charlie Watts.

By Barry Sheene

I WAS CALLED THE NEW HAILWOOD

WHEN I started racing I was almost immediately dubbed the new Mike Hailwood, a fact which pleased me but one which put me under no pressure at all.

Many people, I know, thought that the tag which had been put on me would cause me to feel the pressure. But they were wrong. I still rode as best I could without believing that I could do all the things that Mike could do on two wheels.

I was only young – and still am, of course – so I realised that I had plenty of time to develop my own style at my own pace. There was a need for somebody else to replace Mike in the affections of enthusiasts all over Britain, people wanted a new hero. If it was to be me then okay, I certainly did not mind. Mike had retired and was a glorious memory, somebody else just had to emerge.

The successes I had right at the start of my career were enough to make me feel happy and reasonably satisfied, but when I missed the chance of a world title in 1971, my first fully international year, I was bitterly disappointed.

Mike had won his first world title at about 22, I was a year younger and it would have given me great pleasure to have beaten him at one thing even if he could not do anything about it.

The world 125 championship escaped me and went to Angel Nieto, the little Spaniard with whom I had some tremendous battles throughout the 1971 season. But it certainly was not for the want of trying. I put everything I had into my effort for that title and it is history now just how close I got to clinching it at my first attempt.

When I look back on my career, short as it has been, my only regret is that I did not start it much earlier. I did not really get underway until I was eighteen and should really have been in the saddle competitively much sooner. As it was I feel as if I wasted my time when I could have been piling up some additional experience.

However, I am stuck with the time I did start and I cannot do a thing to alter it; what I can do is make sure that I do everything right from this point on.

My original two attempts to start a racing career ended with me falling off so I decided it would be safer to become a mechanic and I joined the Continental Circus as a spannerman with Lewis Young. I grew, I suppose, in the atmosphere of racing abroad and it helped to stimulate the way I felt about competing rather than helping others.

When I came back I entered the Brands Hatch 1968 club meeting in the 125 and 350 classes and scored wins. It was great. And I think it all seemed to start happening for me then.

A year later, 1969, I was in on the National meetings on 125 and 250 Bultaco's, all fixed by my father, Frank, with Senor Bulto, the big boss of the factory. I started picking-up first places like nobody's business and, by the end of the year, finished in second place in the 125 British championships.



More action from Barry Sheene.

Senor Bulto and my dad had been mates since the first Bultaco was made. I had known him since I was eight and he had always been a great friend of the family. And when I first started racing he was in like a flash to help me. He gave me machines when he really had no need to. I owe him a lot that I could never repay.

Later I suppose I repaid him a little by winning the British 125 championship on a Bultaco, but it was really quite small return for the unselfish assistance he had given me.

It was after those two wins in the club race at Brands that I decided I would have a serious try: and I did. I only missed taking the 125 British championship because a bit of foam rubber got into the carb during one of the rounds and it put me out. Chas Mortimer won the title instead.

I got my way in 1970 when I did win the championship – and finished third in the 250 as well. I knew I was getting better all the time and that I needed something really quick, a bike that would put me right up there at the top end of the competition.

And that's how I came to buy Stuart Graham's ex-works Suzuki, a beauty of a 125 and the first really superfast bike that I had ridden.

I knew all about the machine, I had seen it going and it always seemed to me to be in front. I used to ogle it for hours when it was in the paddock and Stuart used to let me sit on it and get the feel of it. When he decided to pack it all up I rang him and asked him to sell me the bike.

My dad put up most of the money when Stuart agreed to let it go to me – but it won me enough races to be able to pay him back. It turned out to be a great investment and by the end of 1970 I had finished paying for it.

It was so quick it felt more like a 250; it flew. Everything about it from my standpoint was perfect. It stopped superbly, it handled and steered just as I wanted. And I knew I was onto something good. I just had to get it among the big boys and that's what I did at the end of 1970.

I managed to get an entry for the Spanish Grand Prix at Montjuich, the last round of the championships. But I had to mess around with the gearbox. The Suzuki was ten-speed and the new laws stipulated that it had to be a six-speed box.

I had the new box made in Holland, but I did not discover that the whole thing was ridiculously undergeared until the race had started. I had been in

trouble with a misfire in practice and we couldn't get the gearing right because of it.

Despite that I had been only one second slower than Nieto in practice and he really knew the circuit. I suppose he knew I would have a go at him and I did. I got to the front and gave him a real old chasing for his money and I surprised a lot of people.

People suddenly started to wake up and take notice and reach for their programmes to see who this cheeky so-and-so was who was putting their national hero on the rack. It could not last, of course. And like all good things it had to come to an end.

Two laps from the finish the bike started to misfire again and it took me back to Nieto. He found himself not having to work so hard and he breezed by to a win he never thought he would get. Then, to cap it all, I finished second fastest to Bergamonti in 500 practice when I was on a 360 Bultaco. In the race I headed him until the engine blew up. I had arrived. And the strange thing was that I had felt no particular stress, I was in complete control and riding safely inside my limits without being thrown off the scent by the more experienced men.

The small success I had at the Spanish gave me greater hope for the future, the Suzuki was plainly a pearl of a find and it was living up to all the laudatory things that Stuart Graham had said about it.

I did not realise then just how close it would take me towards that world title in 1971. But I felt that at last I was riding a machine which was as near the dream as I could get without being a full-blown works man.

I was quite excited about the 125cc race in particular. I was last away from the line because of trouble with the bike and when I eventually got the thing going everybody had cleared off leaving me an empty road. I got into the lead and at the end I was only beaten one-quarter of a second.

If there was a time when I finally decided that I was going to have a full tilt at the Grand Prix series then I suppose this must have been it. And the next year I took the Suzuki into the arena of championship racing . . .

The Austrian GP was the first on the calendar for the 1971 season and I had a real ding-dong with Nieto, Gilberto Parlotti and Dieter Braun, the German.

They did not know too much about me and I suppose I was a surprise package to them. Anyway in the race I kept hard at them and discovered that

I was outbraking them into the last bend.

I planned to have a go there on the last lap – but I got caught up with a tail-ender and he kept me back from the others. I could not make up the leeway but I still managed a third place.

In Germany, at Hockenheim, Nieto pulled out and I was left and 18 seconds ahead of everybody else. It looked as if I was going make the breakthrough – then the gearbox broke.

At the TT I frightened the life out of myself and fell off at Quarter Bridge when the bike slid from under. But, anyway, after Bray Hill, that terrifying drop just after the start, I did not know what was happening to me or where I was going. It was like a crazy down hill slalom.

I was grateful that I had fallen off where I did because, as I said at the time, if I had gone any farther it might have happened somewhere else and I would have been knocked about a bit. That for me was the end of the TT . . . for all time. I do not want to know about the place.

I had missed most of the practice on the island because I did not manage to get there until late on in the week. So by the time I got to the grid I had done only eight laps and, as any TT man knows, that is just not enough. I was a bit silly really to even think about racing there.

Phil Read, who is great round the Isle of Man, helped me one session by waving me in behind him so he could show me how to get through the Verandah, the place Parlotti was killed in 1972.



Charlie Mortimer.



Angelo Nieto.

Phil went a little slower than he normally would so I could keep up with him – but when he peeled off I did, too. Right at the point he made his move. As soon as he leaned then so did I. It scared the pants off me.

I went exactly where he went, did everything just as he did it. But I found I was going far too quick for my capabilities. Even at Phil's reduced speed I *just* about managed to get through. I thought then that I was right on the brink. I knew that if I went an inch or two off line either way then I would cop for

a lot of trouble. And I just had to stick in Phil's shadow. How I got through I will never know – but then I decided I was going to do the race at my pace, nobody else's.

When the mist came down in the race I lifted up my visor and tootled along about 15 miles-an-hour: I was not going to stick my neck out any further than was necessary. But it all ended when the clutch grabbed and threw the backwheel out at Quarter Bridge. I was off . . . and grateful I was unhurt.

After the Dutch at Assen, where I managed another second to Nieto, I went to Belgium's Spa-Francorchamps circuit, the quickest in Europe, and won my first Grand Prix. It was great.

I not only won but I managed to finish with the lap and race records in the bag, too. And it was only my third year of racing, my first full European season.

Nieto pushed me into second place in East Germany after I had led for 11 of the 12 laps: I made a desperate last go and passed him half a dozen times going for the flag but even though I outbraked him on the last bend he got back and pipped me by about five feet.

In Czechoslovakia I was third: I won in Sweden, clinched my third World championship victory in Finland, was blown off in no uncertain fashion in Monza, and was left with tremendous battle in Madrid, the little Spaniard's home-town.

To make things worse, as if I was not having enough trouble being down on speed to the Derbi and having to get on top of Nieto's fantastic riding, I damaged myself in a painful spill at Brands.

I was bruised to hell and could hardly walk for nearly a week; it looked for a while as if I would not be able to make it to Jarama, Spain, for the final round. But I got out of my sick bed and flew to Madrid to make sure he did not have it all his own way.

I knew I could not win if he kept going: my bike, quick as it was, was not quick enough to make any impression on the Derbi, and they had been working on it like mad to get it absolutely right for the race.

It was a big prestige thing for them. A victory on home ground, in front of their own crowd was important. And they even hired the circuit for Nieto before the race so he could get in plenty of practice. All they had to contend with in me was a half-fit, aching lad with a machine down on speed.

But I tried really hard to make things tough for him. I probably tried a little too hard because I fell

off. I got back on again and managed to finish third, but it was not enough and Nieto picked up the title. I was sore about it because I had led the way for a bigger part of the season and the way the system worked I had more points than him but he still won it.

I had totted up 109 points. He had 87. But he still got the title because only six rounds out of 11 were to count. And he had better results in that he had more wins.

However, despite that disappointment, it had been a great and enjoyable season for me. I enjoyed being compared with Mike Hailwood in his early days, but I was a little upset that I had not managed to get a title at the age of 21. I know I gave up the idea of a world title in 1973, because I decided not to race for Yamaha, but I still feel there is plenty of time.

There are not that many good young riders about and I know that I can hold my own with the best of them. Time is certainly on my side; I opted for the superbike class because I wanted to round off my experience of racing all types of machines.

I suppose, really, that 1971 will go down as just about my most memorable year. I thoroughly enjoyed my racing and lived life to the full off the circuit. You might say I took advantage of everything that was going for me; all the excesses were mine. The girls, the parties and the booze, the late nights and the harum-scarum fun were all mine and I do not think any of it affected my racing.

I believe that you should relax in the way you find most congenial: if you want to go to bed at 8 pm the night before a race then, okay, that is your solution to nerves. If you want to have a riot, then that, too, is okay. If it is dolly birds, a party and a few drinks the night before a race than that is my way of relieving the tension.

I know a few people will be shocked but in 1971 I had an incredible year and I can remember before one Grand Prix stumbling from a party and not even being able to remember my way back to the circuit. I was plastered and I had only a couple of hours to go before the start.

I had to sober myself up as best I could in the short time before the race: I managed a couple of hours sleep. But I was as drunk when I got up as I had been when I went to bed. I felt diabolical, really grotty. I was okay mentally and as alert as I have ever been – but physically I was knocked out.

I knew I should not have done it and I regretted

every drink I had taken at the party but I was having a fine time and forgot all about the time and the race, even though it was terribly important.

It was too late to worry about that part of it all so I just had to get on with the job. I did well. And Nieto, who was bright-eyed and well rested, pipped me by a length.

My dad tried to keep me in check and was always talking good sense to me. But this is the way I have been since I was 18, with my natural fitness keeping me on good form, and I could not change it. I don't suppose I wanted to change or I would have forced myself into it.

There have been a few times when I have been too tired to celebrate a victory because I had already celebrated at a party the night before the race.

The same thing happened in Finland. I was out until Lord knows what time, staggered to the circuit for the start, and won the 125 Grand Prix by a clear 15 seconds. It was my way of relaxing and I am sure, despite what advise to the contrary I might get, it helped me.

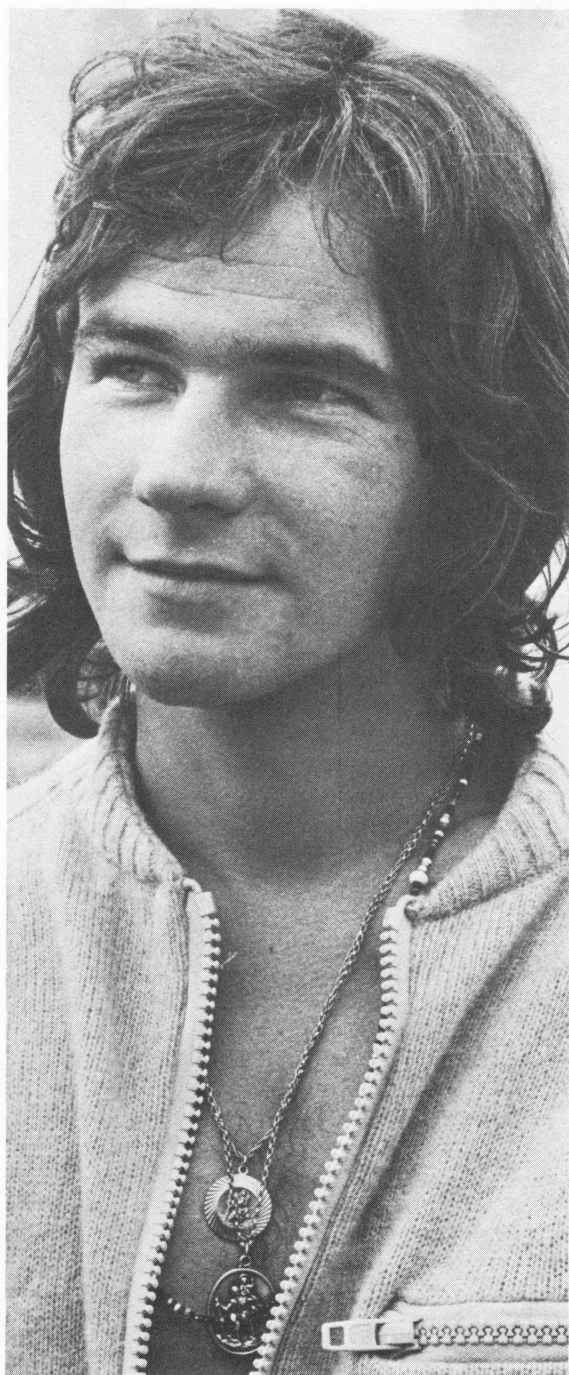
I went through the whole of 1971 like that. There were always girls around chasing the riders and me. There were always parties and plenty to drink, the fast life on the bike, the freedom of racing and the kicks of winning and almost winning a world championship. Europe, whichever country you are in, is a great place to enjoy yourself. And I did. In every way, Whatever was going I had.

I changed a good deal halfway through the 1972 season, I started off pretty much the same way. Then, when things started to go wrong, I altered my life-style.

If you are winning and having plenty of good results then you can like like I was and not worry about what people say or think; in fact you can keep yourself happy too, because even though you know you are living it up it is not affecting the racing. But when the racing starts to go wrong then it is best to give nobody any room for thought.

The 1972 season saw me signed up with Yamaha. It was not a full works contract, I still had to pay my own way and find my own mechanics though I did get help with spares.

When I signed the bikes I was allotted were absolutely standard, they were no different from the ones that anybody could buy. But when I started at the beginning of 1972 I won everything I rode at in England with the exception of one race where I broke down. The bikes were rockets.



Barry Sheene.



Nieto leads the way on his Derbi.

Everything was going just right. It was no struggle to me and I felt on top form. I held the lap records on the 250, 350 and 500 at Brands and won the 'King' title. Then the machines were changed . . .

I went to Le Mans for a testing session with the new equipment and was bitterly disappointed. I knew the machines were 20-miles-an-hour slower than even the standard bikes and I told the Yamaha people that.

I said the bikes were real old turkeys and that we would get blown off everywhere, but they did not believe me. I was down to have a water-cooled 250 and an air-cooled 350. The water-cooling was to keep the output constant, the air-cooled bikes

tended to overheat and lose power.

After the first GP, at the Nurburgring, I was fifth and Rodney Gould a place behind me. But the Japanese still did not accept our views that the machines were lousy, they thought it was the way I was riding.

And they still did not do anything to them for Clermont Ferrand, even though Rod had agreed with me that the bikes were dead slow. I knew there was something sadly amiss and that it had to be sorted out if we were to do anything.

When we got to Austria we felt things were really against us. Rod played about with the cylinder barrels and found that they were the basis of the



Sheene on a Yamaha.

fault. The inlet port was opening too late and it was too high. But we got it cured and the bike started to go quicker.

Then in Italy, at Imola, with more work on the barrels it really started to fly. I only managed half a lap on my bike and it flung me down the road. It was going like a jet. After that the bike went better and better – but things started to look bad for me.

I was having a disastrous season after such a great one in 1971. Jarno Saarinen took my bike to Yugoslavia and had a good ride on it – and that did not help matters as far as I was concerned.

It was then I decided that I had to put an end to my playboy image and concentrate everything on racing: I did not want people to blame me and not recognise that the machine had been the real root of the trouble. And to those who did believe it was my fault then now is the time to make sure they have the right ideas.

It followed, of course, that having not achieved anything like the success I had managed in 1971 people would begin to question my skill and wonder if I was a seven day wonder.

Well, I went back to my old style of living for the new Paris Grand Prix at Rungis, the circuit in the big market close to the airport, in autumn 1972. I had a glorious time and really whooped it up.

It was party time again with a whale of a get together before the race: but it did not affect my riding. In fact, despite the late night out, I was 20 seconds ahead after only three laps.

I felt, at last, as if I was getting back some of the reputation I had lost when the Yamaha got me off to such a terrible start earlier in the season.

The Japanese bosses must have felt the same way now that they had fully realised and remedied the fault with the new bikes. For they offered me a new, fatter contract for the 1973 season. It was as much money as anybody was getting with the Yamaha team.

But I wanted to ride the new 500-4. I knew that Saarinen, naturally, would get the first choice. He was, after all, the world 250 champion. The second one would go to Hideo Kanaya, mainly because he was from the factory and they would dearly love a home-based world champion.

There would be no chance for me because the factory could not afford the time to make the spares. I did not want to stay on the 250 and 350, I wanted to have a try for the bigger class.

Suzuki's offered me the change I most wanted to

'I decided that I must end my playboy image'

make and said I could have both a 500 and 750 for all the home international superbike events. So, far from being sacked by Yamaha, a point which has been suggested, I opted out.

It is my feeling, like Frank Perris's view aired elsewhere in this book, that the future of racing lies with these beautiful big machines.

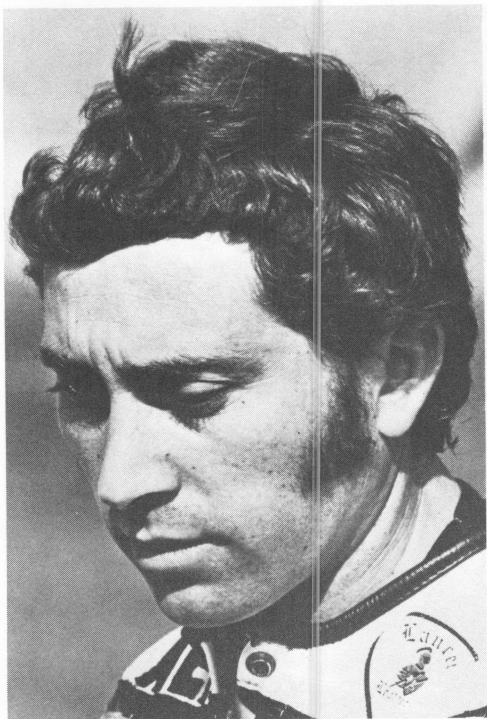
I know I sacrificed the chance of a world title in 1973 by not racing for Yamaha, but I feel I made an investment for the future.

I tried as hard as I knew how in 1971 to win the world 125 title and things did not work out. Now, with the very real possibility of a world championship series for the superbikes, I want to get in early, I want to build up experience on them. Then I shall be prepared and equipped to accept the challenge.

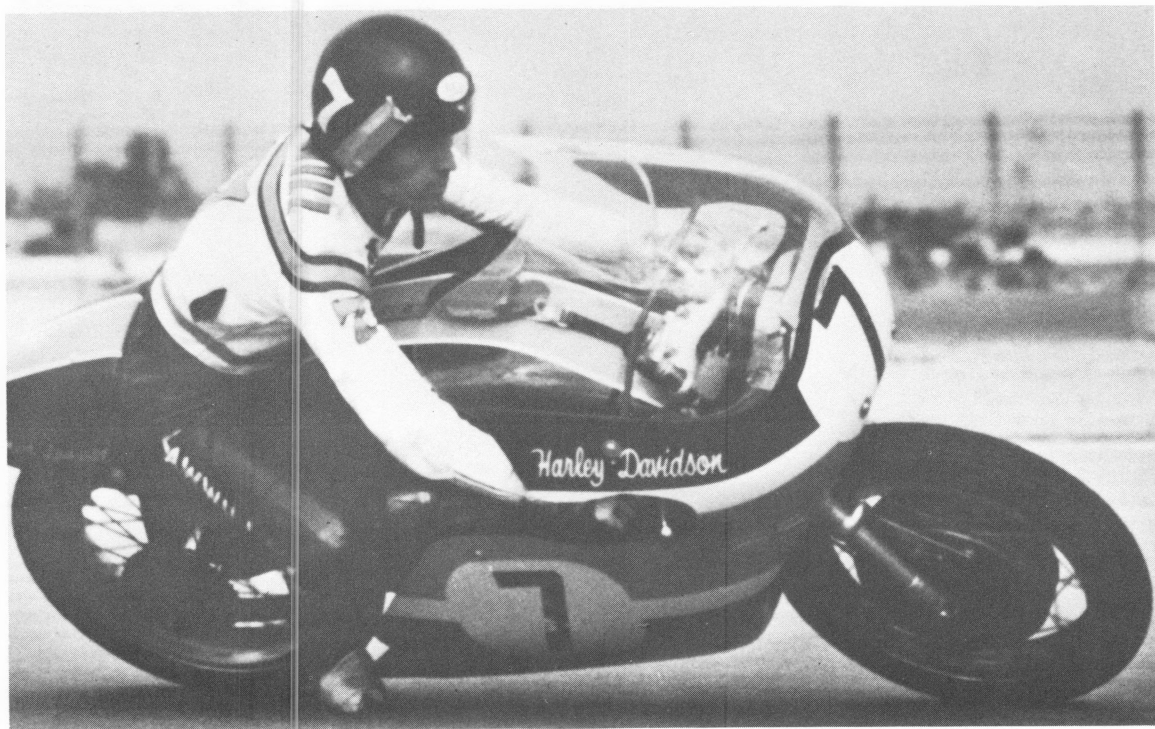


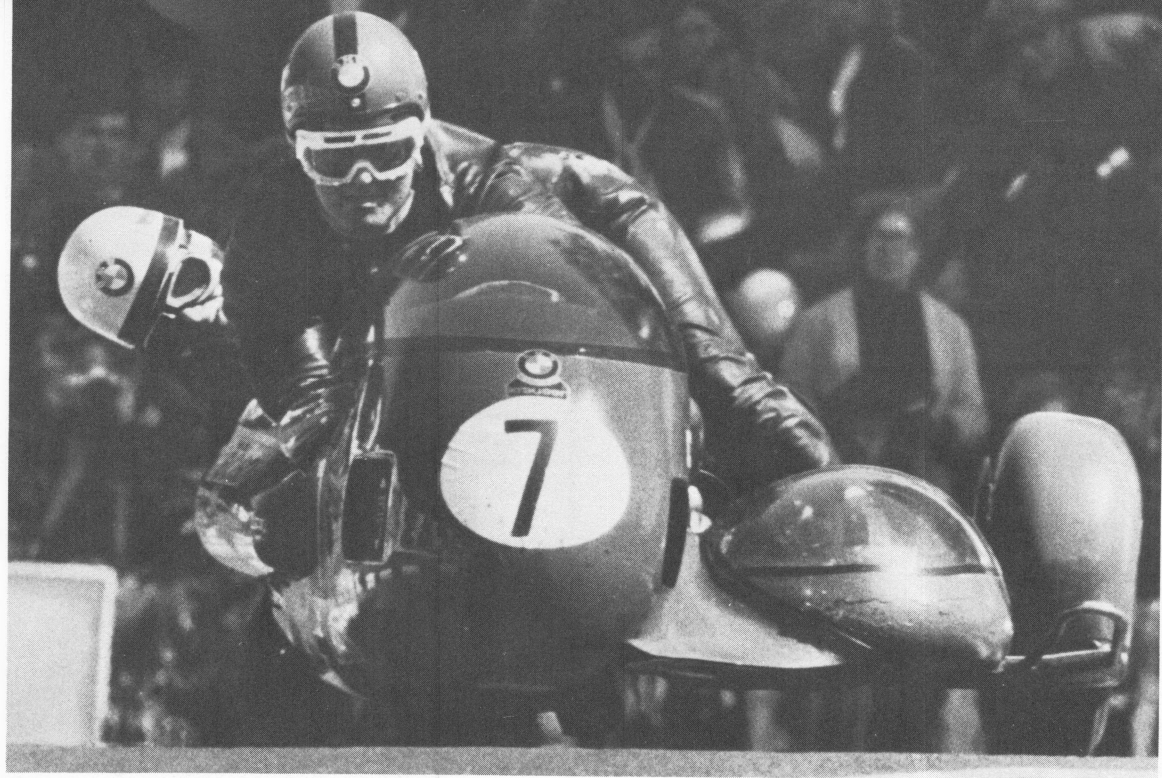
Nieto with Mortimer (left) and Kent Andersson.

The Californian in three moods



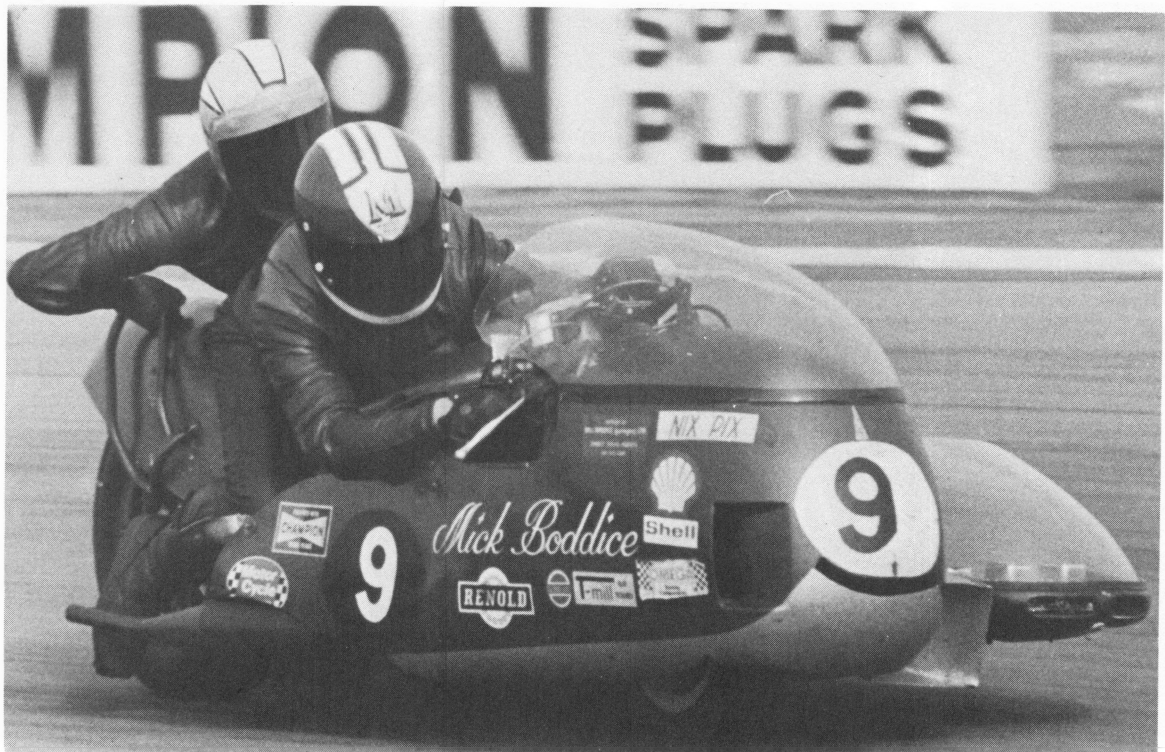
Three moods of Californian star Mert Lawwill (left) off the track; right as a dirt track rider; and below on his Harley-Davidson XR750 racing bike.





TAKING SIDES

Sidecar racers Hans Luthringhauser (top) in action in the Isle of Man and Mick Boddice (below).



PETER WILLIAMS

IF I had not been such a complete dud as an organiser of my own career I suppose that right now I would not have the regret that has left my life one step short of the top.

It irks me that I have not been able to win myself a world championship title. I know I have the ability and I realise, without wanting to appear conceited, that I have had greater skill than many of the other riders who have indeed won championship titles.

But, I suppose, I have nobody else to blame but me. I am such a terrible businessman that when it comes to selling myself I simply cannot do it. I fall down. I bumble and stutter, I cannot promote myself in the minds of other men who could, at times, do me so much good.

It has always been the same. When the big works contracts were in the offing, particularly in the mid-sixties, I did not have enough go to get myself into the stream of things like so many other men did.

I do not regret the money I missed because I am sure I have since made as much as any of the works riders for the Japanese or the Italians – the difference is that with me it has come a lot later.

There were times when I realised that with a bit more push I could have got myself a works ride: when it came to the nitty-gritty I backed off. I could not force myself to go along to some factory team boss and boast my way into the line up. I wanted my actions on the circuits to speak for themselves. And I was stupid and naive enough to believe that was enough. How wrong can you get?

It was just as important to be a big shot with words as it was with wheels, or rather to be able to broadcast just how good you were to underline the skill you had.

the brilliant Norton
development engineer
talks about his
greatest regrets and
gives a pointer to
the thin line
dividing Hailwood
and Agostini

I missed out one after the other with Suzuki, Yamaha, Honda and Benelli. And I lost the Yamaha chance when I was asked by the boss: "Now tell me can you beat Mike Hailwood?"

I thought about it and reasoned that the best way to answer was truthfully and replied: "No, I don't think I can. But I will have a good try."

That, as I found out, was not enough. They wanted me to say I *could* beat him and, if I had any sense, that is what I should have said and got myself a good job. Maybe later I could have beaten Mike, but at the time, when he was riding so superbly, I honestly did not believe I could do it. Nor did I believe then that there was anybody else around who could if he was really trying.



Peter Williams on his John Player Norton.

By 1967, having missed all the best chances, I was getting really uptight about the whole situation, I knew I was good. But there was nothing I could do to prove it where it mattered, among the big stars in those classes which were getting all the publicity. the 250 and 350 range.

Then Mike Hailwood who, with Jim Redman having pulled out of the Honda team, was having a big battle with Agostini in the 500 and 350 classes and wanted some help. He told me he would try to get me into the Honda team and I was delighted. Here, at last, was my big chance. The trouble was I tried to justify his faith in me and overdid things.

Halfway through the season I chucked it all away with a big prang that put me out for the rest of the season. When I was fit enough Honda announced they were quitting. And, once again, I had lost a great chance.

I was quickly waking up to the idea that it was not enough to be good and it only added to my frustration that not only could I ride my way into a works team, but I could not talk my way in either.

I went to the East German Grand Prix in July 1967 determined to show that I really did have the knack and the skill to be considered alongside the rest at the top end of the business.

It ended with me frightening myself so badly that it is a wonder I ever raced again . . .

I am a rider who is by no means a natural in the way that Hailwood was a natural: I have to work hard and concentrate on what I am doing. I weigh up all the odds and chances and accordingly calculate the balance and, if it is okay in my mind, go through with the problem. But I will not take risks, not big ones. Like all riders I have taken small ones and have got away with it. But big ones, no!

Well, I went off my own rules at the East German and paid dearly for it. It could, in fact, have been with my life. As it was it brought my career to a pause. I took the big risk . . .

I had been second quickest on Tom Arter's AJS in 350 practice and I was going to make a big bid to do great things on it in the race.

On the 500 in the dry I had been going round Guthrie's at a fair whack and getting away with it okay. I figured that the 7R would get me round there flat out in the wet.

Even as I sat on the line at the start, when the rain was teeming down, I was full of confidence and pride. It was the first time for years that anybody could remember seeing a 7R so high up the grid.

I suppose the 500 had gone through without problems at around 125 miles an hour: the 350, I thought, could get me through, despite the rain, quite safely at 119 miles an hour.

I opted for the risk; it was against my character and my teachings to myself, but I decided to take the chance. And I ended up with the worst crash of my life. I thought I was a goner.

The circuit was treacherous and, even though I dislike the wet probably far less than most riders, it caused my downfall.

Before this spill I do not suppose I had ever really hurt myself. If I had I would not have even considered taking the risk which, I am sure, a man like Hailwood would have survived.

It is the most terrifying thing to come off a motor bike at more than 100 miles an hour: the world, it seems, is never going to stop somersaulting, the buffeting and the pain are terrible and the cold fear that grips you is a lasting memory.

When I came to in hospital, having had a mess of an ankle pieced together again, I decided that I had taken my last big risk. The stiffness I felt and the other broken bones were all reminders of my error.

If I had not done it there at the Sachsenring I would, I believe, have done it somewhere else. Having got away with it I would, undoubtedly, have tried to get away with it at some other circuit and, eventually, I would have crashed.

The doctors in East Germany were marvellous and they did an absolutely superb job in putting my ankle back in order: but the circuit was guaranteed to send them some customers. But if I thought the Sachsenring bad then I had not seen the circuit at Brno in Czechoslovakia. That place is diabolical.

When riders moan about the TT course they should think about the monstrous surface and general condition of the circuit at Brno. I think that is probably one of the most dangerous in the world. It is a terrible place which I never want to see again.

Having analysed my crash at the East German and having realised too, that I had thrown away my chance of a ride alongside Hailwood for Honda, I got to thinking deeply about my risk taking.

And it was then I came to the conclusion that it was not for me; that sort of racing was to be no part of my action. I know spectators and other riders and critics say I am neat and tidy and fast. But I suppose I could be a whole lot faster if I were able to stick my neck out without thinking about it first.



Mike Hailwood waits on his Honda 500.

Even now, after all my years of experience, I am still the same. If there is to be a last lap dash, with everything going hell for leather, then I have to work myself up to it. I know that if it is left to me to take a big risk then I won't get away with it.

That is what fascinates me about Hailwood. He was such a natural he would take the most frightening risks, without even apparently thinking about it, and get clean away with it. I, and anybody else who tried to follow him, would go cartwheeling up the road.

I have even talked to him about it. We have tried to break it down, tried to work it out and consider what he had that nobody else had. And he had no answer. It was, he said, just natural. There was an indefinable something there that could not be pinpointed. He was, to me, a genius. The best rider of all time.

Agostini, of course, is good. Or rather he has been. He is not as good as he was before 1972/73. He is a fearsome competitor and hates to be beaten. But even

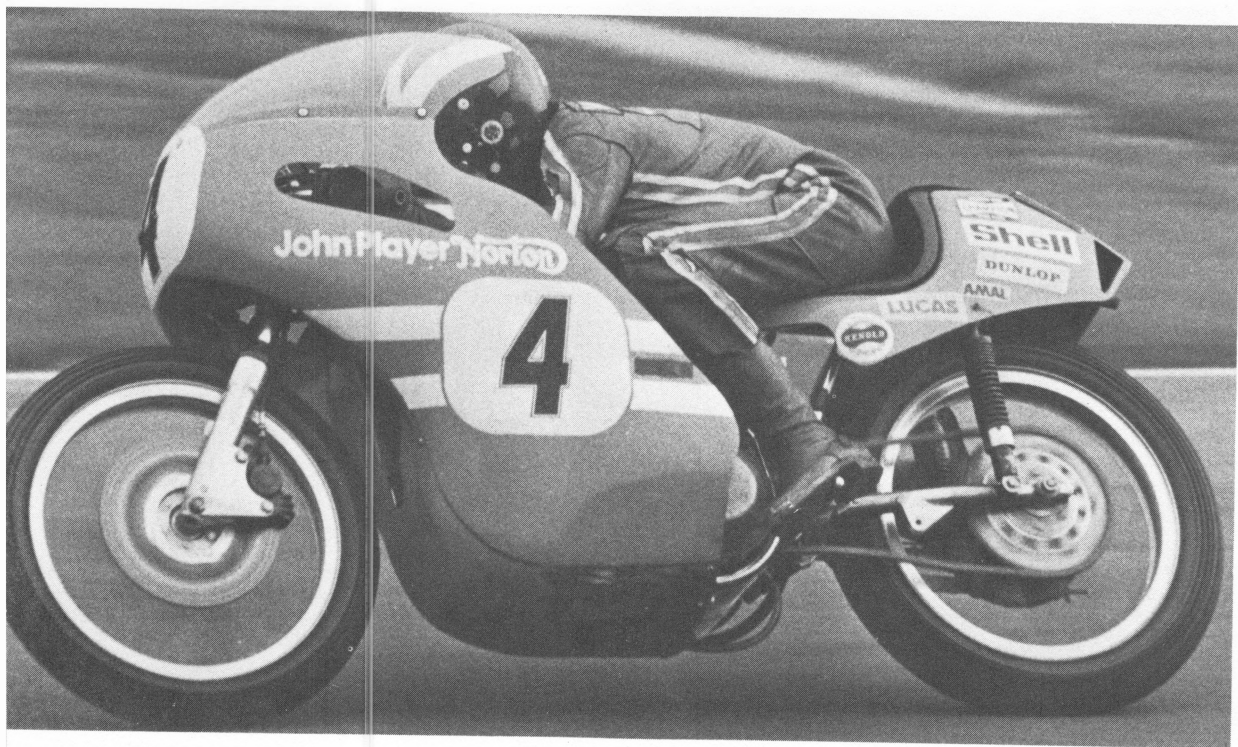
at his best he was never as good as Mike. Hailwood was the great master.

Because I have had to think so hard about my own racing over the years and because I have to work hard at it my admiration for Hailwood has become limitless. I know what pressures I have had to put myself under to achieve a particular placing. And, up there, way out in front, there has been Mike doing it all naturally, not thinking, not having to coolly assess, and winning.

Agostini, despite his ability to go hard, was just that much short of Hailwood's skill. But never was their mastery shown better than in the Isle of Man.

The TT is a real craftsman's place. It is not so much a circuit for the racer as for the perfectionist, the man who does not make mistakes and who can clock himself to the narrow point this side of error. It is a great place and I love racing there.

Man's battle with the course is seen at its best there. It is not simply a race, it is a great test of all that is tough, skilful, frightening and expert in



More John Player Norton pace.

racing. You have to be the complete rider, no half measure, at the TT.

I have been second so often there I feel that I was born to be the island's best known runner-up.

The difference is that having been second to Hailwood and to Agostini I feel that I have won the race. With them out on their own having their own race it was like a separate event for all those fellows behind. Ago and Mike raced the fingers of the clock, we chaps in their wake raced each other.

We just had to sit back, go it as best we could, and hope by some miracle that they would get into trouble and leave the way open for the also-rans.

Nothing would have given me greater pleasure and satisfaction than to have been aboard a works machine mixing it with them. I know that I could have given them a good run for their money and could possibly have won. Not only at the TT but at other circuits on the continent, too.

I love to be where the competition is at its strongest. That way you feel as if you have achieved something really considerable when you win. When the opposition is at its toughest then the racing, for spectators and riders alike, is an exciting spectacle.

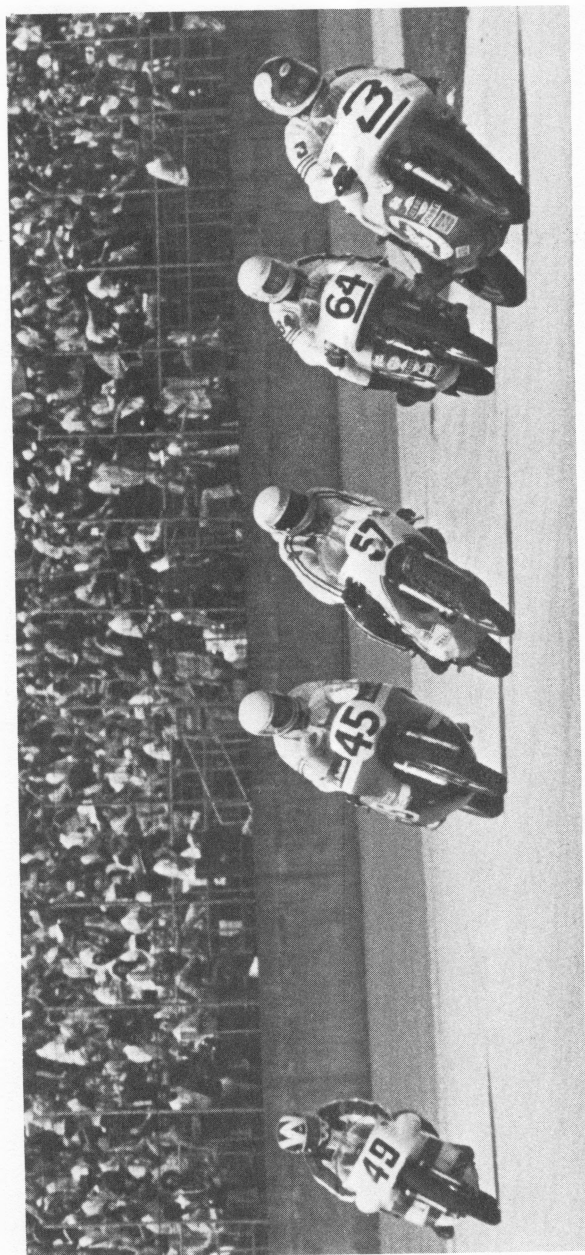
It is satisfying to be able to prove oneself in such company. The motivation factor, I suppose, is pride, the need to be remembered in your own field as one of the all-time greats. The tremendous surge of adrenalin when you get ahead, go away and win is the stuff to feed on. The pride is in looking back around the opposition and knowing you have beaten the best there is.

I got that feeling when I won the 350cc Ulster Grand Prix in 1971. The weather was dreadful. It was pouring of rain and I was aboard the super-fast MZ and it buzzed like a real flyer.

Jarno Saarinen fell off and Phil Read could not catch me after he had suffered trouble. And I was over the moon about the win. So was Walter Kaaden the MZ Chief. But I did not get a penny from the MZ outfit for the win – just a big thank you. And the immense satisfaction of having beaten the best in the world, men who were works riders and who had piled up more Grand Prix experience than I had.

There was the satisfaction of beating Alan Barnett to win the British Championships in 1970, the year I really got going again after my spill in East Germany. But that was small stuff. It could not match the excitement one would feel at clinching a world title.

I love the idea of racing against a world class field



*Peter Williams (No. 49)
goes the long way round to take
on the Yanks at Daytona.*

in front of 60,000 people at Brands and winning with everybody else in the race still going at the finish. That is why, I suppose, winning the "Hutch" in 1972 gave me such a kick.

It was Norton's first 750 win: I really clicked with the circuit. There was a big crowd, all people who seemed to appreciate and understand the finer points of racing, and I got home first, riding really well.

If I cannot be among the Grand Prix riders then the substitute to a world championship, to me, would be winning at Silverstone, Oulton Park, Brands and Mallory, in the superbike league against all the world's top big bikemen. That would be as good as winning a world title if they could be added to wins at Imola, Daytona and Ontario. And few people could dispute that.

The closest I came to a works ride was with MZ. I was really clued in with that bike and I found it was not nearly such a frail machine as everybody tended to make it out to be. It was a beautiful piece of engineering. The pleasure I got out of riding it was enormous.

Walter Kaaden saw that we got on together and asked me if I would care to do a full season for the Iron Curtain Factory on it. But, he said, they could pay me no money. He wanted me to ride for nothing!

Derek Woodman, I know, was paid very little when he rode it. And the problems he had in collecting the bikes at the East German borders was ridiculous. Mechanics from the factory used to take the machines to a border, they would sort of meet in the middle and Derek would wheel the machine out of the country to his own van to take it round the GP circuits. I did not want this sort of fuss though things did get a little easier after Derek had retired.

But by the time Mr. Kaaden made me the offer I was employed by Norton and I did not want to jeopardise my job there to go buzzing round for fun and nothing else on the MZ.

I had a tilt at the TT on it and it packed up after one lap – then the offer for the full season came in 1971. I think they were a little bit unhappy with Silvio Grassetti, the Italian. He seemed a bit erratic for them and was not winning too much that counted.

I said that I would really like to ride it – but only at selected meetings. I fancied the TT, the Dutch, Sweden and the Ulster, if it was on.

I asked them to send me a bike to Sweden and flew there hoping to see it when I arrived; but it never



John Cooper.

turned up. I do not know what went wrong but I suppose that was always the difficulty in dealing with Iron Curtain people.

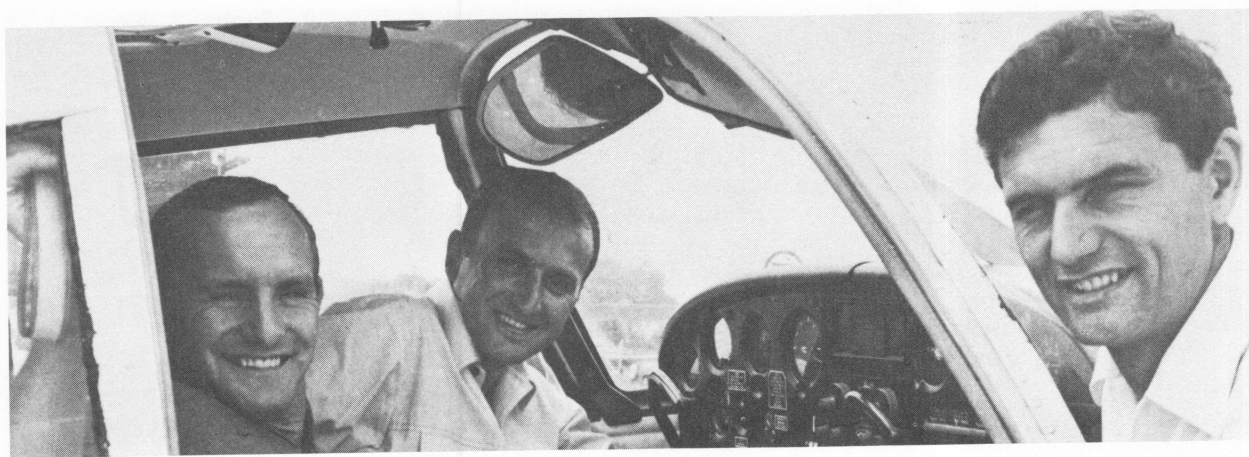
They gave me no encouragement, no financial backing either, so I gave it up as a bad job. In fact I did not get a single penny out of them at any time.

I feel the machine was quite capable of winning the world championship and I feel I could have done it justice with the proper support and with some reward other than a thank-you-well-done. It was good enough in my opinion to have held its own with the best of the Yamahas.

It was not nearly such a delicate bike as everybody thought: it only quit on me at the TT because the driveshaft, which was badly made, broke. And at the Ulster, when I won on it, I was screaming it on and giving it not much mercy. But it held together



Ray Pickrell.



Hailwood, Frank Perris and Jim Redman learning to fly.

without so much as a groan. It was as robust as any of the 250s around. Make no mistake about that. And Kaaden was a genius of an engineer.

But what the hell could they hope to achieve in world ratings without paying a top class rider to get it home for them?

I am still very much interested in Europe – but now I want to cover that ground on a big Norton. I know I have a job as an engineer with the company and that, in itself, is exciting but not nearly so satisfying as riding and winning. And riding and winning well.

If Nortons went into Europe with factory support, like the MV back-up team, I would want to race every single weekend. I would do this throughout the season – and happily spend time racing in America too.

My experience of racing on the continent, particularly at the classics, is limited but I think it is an essential dimension to racing as a whole. Europe is where it is at. The crowds, the circuits, the responses and the rewards are fantastic there. And I only hope that with Norton I can, at long last, get in among it all.

I missed it with Honda, Yamaha, Suzuki, MZ and Benelli. I want to make up for it, for all those great times missed, with Norton, the most famous name in racing.

I feel that if, when I was at the top of my form as a young man in the 1960s, I had been drafted into one of the big works teams it might have gone to my head. I think that I was too immature then to deal with the enormity of it all, the money and the fame and the endless miles of travel to exotic places. I might, I believe, have kicked over the traces and gone a bit wild.

It would be so much different now. I have much more sense and am a more responsible person altogether. *And* I am really enjoying my racing.

If I do have an underlying regret it is that I did not start racing earlier enough. Now, thinking back about points that would have given me a greater chance of a works ride much earlier in my life, I believe I should have started in 1964 when I was 21. If I had started three years sooner than I did then I am fairly certain I could have landed a works ride for Honda.

By the time I was riding really well, in the middle sixties, the big works teams were planning to pull out. Had I started earlier I would have come to a peak quicker and I would have been ready at just

the right time to move in with the Hailwoods, Redmans, Reads and suchlike.

I did not really arrive as any sort of force to be reckoned with until 1966: I won the North West 200 in Ireland on a specially built Surtees 500. I went straight across to the Isle of Man for the TT, finished second behind Hailwood on a 350 Surtees Special, managed a seventh place in the Senior, after a bit of trouble and felt generally that I had made my mark.

It was all frantic and exciting and I was on the upgrade. I decided to cash in on my success and headed for the Italian Grand Prix after the TT.

I picked up a fifth place on a 125 BMC behind two works Hondas and two works Yamahas. From that moment on everything began to slot into place and I was constantly second to Mike or Ago and that, as I have often said, is like winning. After a second place behind Mike at the TT in 1967, when I lapped steadily at 100 miles an hour on my 500, I was right on top of the world. And, more than that, I was leading the world 500cc championship, Mike had one win. Ago had won one Grand Prix and I had picked up two seconds, enough to put me ahead by the time the Dutch TT came round.

I finished third there behind Ago and Mike and so I was still level with them on points. That left me faced with the Belgian Grand Prix.

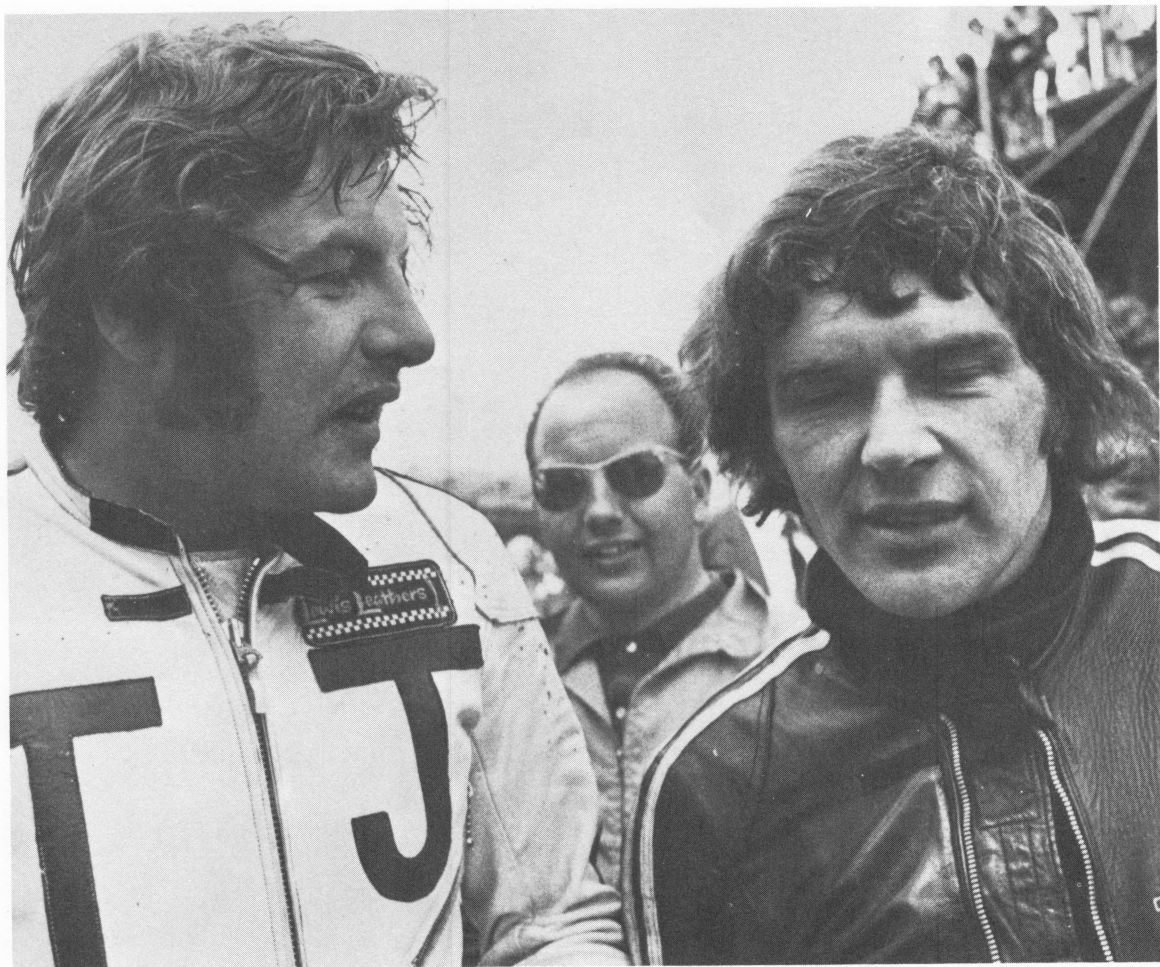
At Spa I did the foolish thing. Instead of settling for a fourth place behind Mike, Ago, and Jack Findlay, I tried to move higher up the placings and fell off.

There was not much damage done and I was fit for the East German. That is when I had that awful crash which I mentioned earlier. I suppose I felt invincible, nobody I believed could beat me. Only Hailwood and Agostini, I thought, could do that because they were both on quicker bikes.

After those two I expected to be next and it did not matter to me who else was in the chase; John Cooper, Derek Minter, or anybody. My feeling was that nobody could get past me. I got a sharp lesson which I never forgot. And, at the same time, I threw my chances of high placing in the championships up the road with my bike on that wet East German circuit.

I did not return to any sort of form until nearly three years later; it was 1970 before I got back into the groove with a Matchless I worked very hard on.

But the lessons I had learned were still with me. I exercised restraint, rode inside my own margins



Tony Jefferies and Ray Pickrell.

without allowing myself to be pushed into the sort of error that had been my downfall in East Germany.

By December, 1971, when the John Player Norton contract was all tied up, I felt I was approaching a fair level of achievement: I was privately delighted with my first Grand Prix win, the Ulster, a record lap on a production racer at the TT and a second place in the Senior.

But I still felt that having had the chance with, say the Hondas, even that mulish 500 which Hailwood rode, I could have come to terms with the machinery. I know the 500 Honda used to wiggle about all over the place but so do production racers

and that experience I feel could have been useful with it. I would have loved, however, to have been given a chance on the 350-six, the best bike of the whole lot.

That bike in particular must have occupied the dreams of just about every rider in the business. I know the 250 was a beauty – but the 350 was approaching absolute perfection.

I suppose that if I had been prepared to pester people instead of backing off then I might have had at least one world title to my name.

Ironically, I might almost have been able to *talk* my way to a championship.

MARK BRELSFORD



AT 23 Mark Brelsford became the youngest ever American Grand National champion – and now he rides with easy style at the very top of his profession.

If he is not the highest paid motor cycle racer of all time then he is certainly in the top three in the world. His take-home pay topped £50,000 during his fine championship year, 1972. And it would reach higher than that in the year he fought to re-establish himself as the USA's Number One throughout 1973.

Brelsford, neatly built and wiry, is yet another product of the California Clan – the vast army of racers who have made it internationally using that beautiful state as their home base.

Mark, from Los Altos, California, comes from a racing background; his younger brother, Scott, was America's top novice in 1971 and then clinched the title of top junior a year later. The two of them came up like so many other world class American stars, via the rigours of dirt track racing.

But his first taste for motor bikes came when he got fed up of labouring up and down the hills of Los Altos delivering newspapers. He saved up and bought a motor cycle – and then the race bug bit him.

He explained: 'I first saw a mile race on dirt when I was 15. I heard motor bikes being put to work on a track near home and I peeked through a hole in the fence to see what was happening.

£50,000 was his take-home money in best year

'Then I saw a great American rider called George Roeder, one of the best mile-men of all time. He never shut off the throttle, he just kept right on going as he got to the bend near me.

'He left the bike flat out, laid it over almost level and in a great spray of dirt went round smooth and safe. It was the finest most exciting thing I had ever seen and I made up my mind there and then to be a miler like George.

'I wanted to be able to get round like he did – with the engine wide open and the throttle on full twist.'

He won the first mile he ever entered, the 1968 Portland event on a BSA Gold Star but he spent the year borrowing money from anybody who would

The Harley-Davidson shows its paces.



lend it to him. He proved to be a rewarding investment.

He was a natural-born rider, a fierce competitor and, it seemed, a winner on dirt. In fact, in 1968, he finished as America's top amateur and ended nearly £500 in debt. The cost of racing hit his pocket.

The next year, 1969, his first as an expert, he quickly hit the golden trail and by the end of the season he had picked up more than £7,000 but after he had paid his expenses and incidentals he was left with only £400. Times were hard, even if the racing style was attracting a great deal of attention. Things had to get better for the cold-eyed blond. And they did.

Harley-Davidson signed him, and he paid them back by taking the Grand National title in America. Harley's proudly painted the Number One crown-holder's accolade on their bikes and Brelsford set about reaping in those massive financial rewards that have made him one of the sport's top earners on either side of the Atlantic.

When he collected his title he did it with a fine attack from behind the field: Harleys were late in developing a new machine and Brelsford missed the Daytona and Atlanta races, two of the most important on the United States calendar. He was well adrift of leaders Kenny Roberts and Gary Scott but once he was into his stride there was no stopping him.

Harley-Davidson prepared an alloy 750cc V-twin for him at Ontario in 1971 and, even with stock parts, Brelsford lapped two seconds faster than with the old iron engine on practice runs.

The machine was finally race-ready for the Colorado mile in May, 1972, and he finished in second place, behind Jim Rice, the young American privateer. Then he won the Louisville half-mile on the XR 750, was second again at the Loudon 100-mile race behind Gary Fisher. It was the first time that the alloy-engined Harley had ever been raced on the road.

And Brelsford was delighted with its showing. He was happy enough, in fact, to say that after his glorious successes on dirt he would prefer to concentrate on road racing. It was, indeed, a breakthrough for the young star.

He finished well ahead of Gary Scott and Gene Romero, the two Triumph riders, and Kenny Roberts, Yamaha, in the Championship. He scored 11 finishes in the top five, with three wins and three

seconds. It was the sort of consistency that deserved a title.

The faith that Harley boss Dick O'Brien had shown in him when he offered him a full works contract in 1969 had paid off to the full. He could, of course, now spread his wings to Europe and attack the great men of road racing.

'I would dearly love to tangle with Saarinen and Agostini. And perhaps I might be able to do that,' he said.

His ideas about dirt track racing have altered since his appetite for road racing has been whetted. He explained "Dirt-tracking I find cramps my style. I don't like it anymore. Road racing is where the future lies. And that's where I want to be."

He added: "I want to get some more experience of road racing for when I get to race in Europe. And I would love to travel with the Continental Circus."

His lack of experience of road racing by 1973 was a fact which plainly disturbed him and he said: "I had ridden Yamahas in a few races, mainly qualifying rounds for a championship, contests that were not too important.

"Men like du Hamel and Rayborn wanted to make races of them but I preferred to make sure I finished and got a place on the grid for the big race.

"But otherwise, because our races are so long, I have not had to scratch around for a top place. Instead I have had to save the bike as far as I could for the final laps when I might need it, when I might have to call on it for an all-out bid to win."

Not even the aggressive style he needs with dirt-tracking has helped him . . .

And he explained: "When I am road racing and I am pressed by some guy I forget where I am and go after him dirt track style, riding really wild.

"That's the wrong way on road, even if it is the right way on dirt. You have got to be aggressive on dirt, but not so much on road. You don't have to have everything hanging out.

"Dirt trackmen are used to having their wheels breaking and getting off line, but it is not the same on the road. That would be dangerous. I suppose that is why I am never worried however fast I am cornering. I am used to it with dirt-tracking flat out into corners. I have broken the fear."

The sooner Brelsford brings his great skills to Europe the better it will be for the sport: for he will be followed by the others. Rayborn, du Hamel, Baumann and Gary Fisher – and all that is spectacular in American racing.

HERE'S A GREAT MAN TO STEER CLEAR OF,

SAYS SHEENE

BARRY Sheene, one of Europe's brightest young riders, cast his mind back to a battle with this shrewd little Canadian and said: "Wow! He's crazy. He just doesn't see danger. He puts his head down and goes and God help anybody who's in the way."

That's the general opinion among riders of this lurid stylist du Hamel, a steely French-Canadian whose spectacular riding has given as many frights to following competitors as it has to fascinated fans.

He had a great deal of success in Canada and then decided to try his luck on America's circuits but it was ten years, and a vast number of terrifying crashes later, that he managed a national win.

He finally scored his all-important national victory at Talladega, Alabama, in 1971. He could not even manage that without being spectacular and his time for the 200 miler was the quickest ever recorded in AMA road racing.

He has a reputation as a man who does not know how to shut off; it does not matter to him where the opposition is, miles ahead or yards behind, he screws the last vestiges of power and brinkmanship out of the machine.

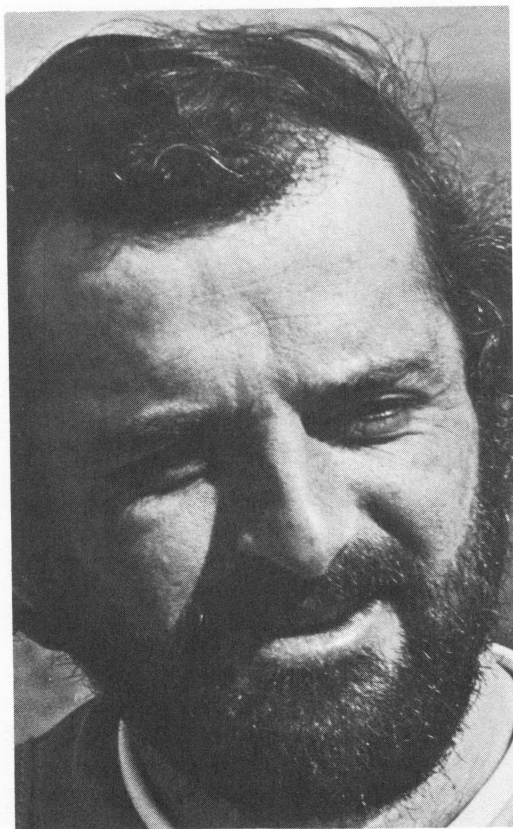
Du Hamel, born in La Salle, Quebec, was said to have been making more than £20,000 a year out of Kawasaki – and then, of course, that salary is boosted by the immense prize money that can be picked up by the top winners.

Too often, though, du Hamel's ambitions for his bike have been over taxing its point of gravity and he has only added to his honing of toughness by bouncing down the track earning some more painful bumps of experience.

How does he relax? He races for the factory Skidoo Snowmobile team.

In 1968 he won the world snowmobile championship in Wisconsin . . . a champion on both wheels and skis.

"As I said," added Sheene, "he's an incredible character – and a great man to steer clear of."



Yvon du Hamel.

The greatest road race in the world

BY TED MACAULEY

IT does not necessarily follow that the quickest rider around any circuit, even one as difficult as the Isle of Man, is the bravest man of all.

Because even with that achievement safely written into the record books the opportunity, terrifying as it might be, does not arise where the rider is suddenly confronted with a treacherous problem that forces him to pass the test of courage and to be seen doing it.

This unique and frightening shadow over racing is one which follows the more daring of men in one of the most dangerous branches of sport.

Many men, I know, would shirk the challenge when it is presented and would not be blamed or criticised for doing so. Many more would never be in the position of having to face such a moment because they would not allow it to develop mainly through an absence of absolute daring. They would

not stray across the frontiers of safety, across the thin edge of a chance of triumph, because their ability would fail them when they knew they had only their own skill and expertise to rely on to get them back.

And many men, I would add, would not be in such a position simply because they do not have the will to win, that indefinable spur born into men who were never destined to be runners-up in life.

For vastly different reasons there have been many men of courage at the TT, a superb test of character over 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ now notorious miles.

Everybody who has seen a TT would, I am certain, want to nominate a man who, in their opinion, would stand out as a glowing example of courage, not simply because of his lap speeds or even his pace through the radar recorder, but because of acts of special quality when he was faced with troublesome problems or with the need to put fear behind him.

I know that little Bill Ivy would be cited for his countless acts of daring, Phil Read, too, for his undoubted skill and bravery. Jim Redman is another; Bill Smith, a faller who once got back on and finished just behind the leaders is yet another. There is John Surtees, John Hartle, Gary Hocking and a host of others.

But none, I venture to say, who could ever hope to match the special brand of bravery of my nomination, Mike Hailwood. He could have emerged on natural skill alone as a rider of memorable achievement; but he was blessed with the added gift of fearlessness which was so cruelly left out of the make-up of so many other famous riders.

Hailwood's name is synonymous with all that can be described in superlatives. He should make the TT quitters ashamed of their racing heritage. But his retirement from two wheel racing only served to underline the stark fact that when he went there was nobody to replace him. Nobody could tame the TT course like he did – and he was only a man like any of the others. He had only two arms, two legs and a pair of eyes like the rest.

But what he did have was the immense courage to put to use the innate gifts grafted onto his character probably even before he started racing. What is more he never knew when he was beaten, would never cry “enough” and was prepared to battle on until the other man's spirit was sapped.

He had a running war with the TT. And he showed it who was the master. At times the course had its small revenges, but they could not alter the

fact that Hailwood had the upper hand. It was a situation he never relinquished and only retirement from racing brought this, the most thrilling of all contests, to a sad end.

Hailwood, without ever realising it, used the undulating, wriggling, twisting ribbon of road that makes up the TT course, as a showground. To win on it was always in his mind: to beat it only happened on the way. To cheat it was incidental to the fact of victory: and, by heaven, it tried often enough to unseat him. It was always a two-way duel between him and the course, with only one winner. Hailwood.

Though once the course almost claimed an unprecedented win. For the first and only time it tricked the great man into a fall – but he bounced right back up again and pounded on his way to success.

I was privileged to watch, as did thousands of others, what was certainly in my mind Hailwood's greatest act on the TT course. I do not believe anybody who was on the island and who saw the champion literally pull himself off the floor to win the 1965 Senior will ever forget it. It is locked in my mind's eye like a stored-away treasure that I can bring out to look at whenever the mood takes me.

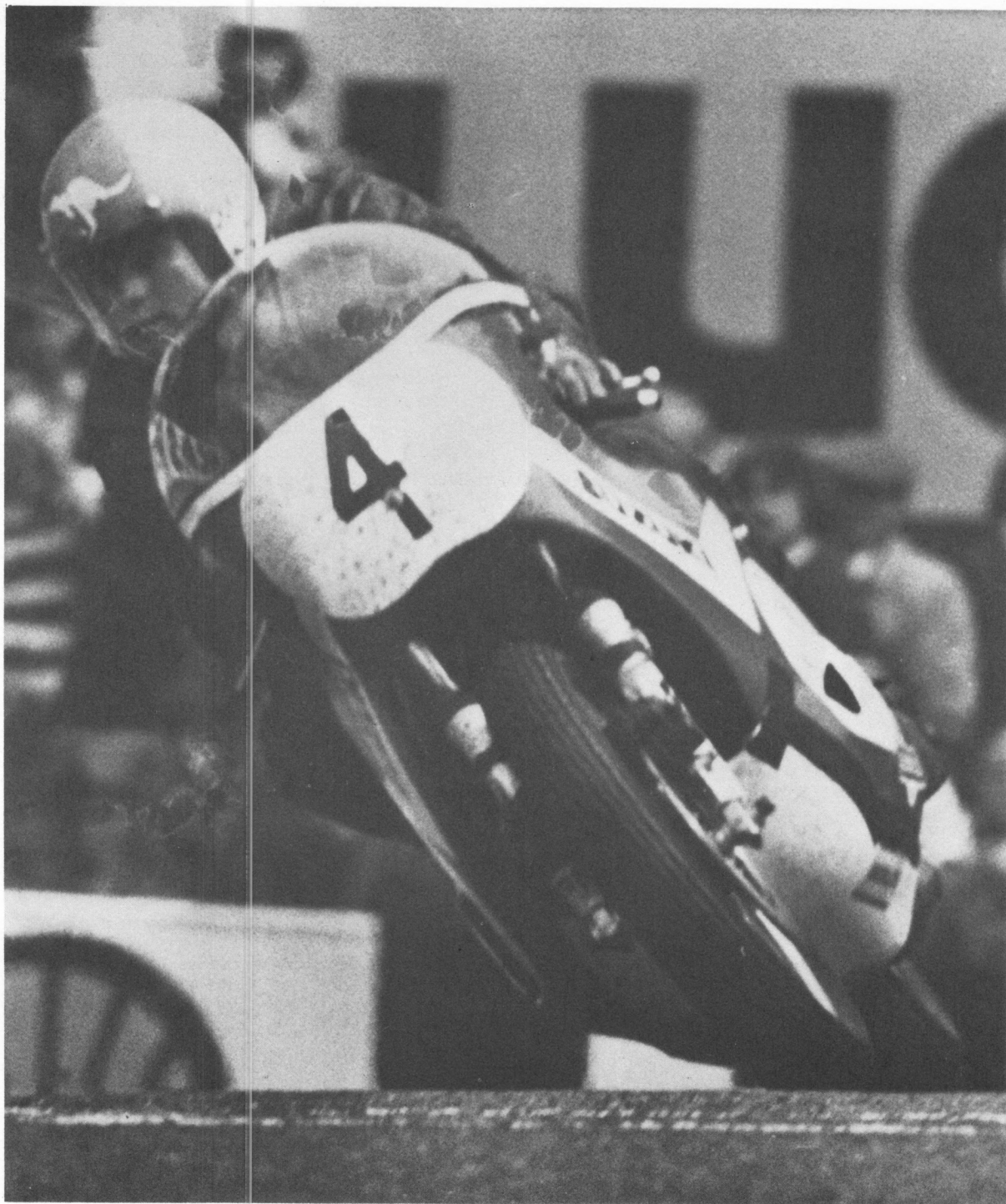
In my opinion this was Hailwood's finest hour: he had given us many moments of excitement, countless emotion charged seconds of inspiring riding, examples of daring and bravery, but none as unforgettable as the drama in the rain on June 18, 1965.

The record books will show, in simple terms with no hint of the drama, that S.M.B. Hailwood (MV) 91.69 mph won the Senior TT. The slowness of the time, the easiest pace a Senior had been won at since 1950, gives no clue to the real truth of the matter.

For behind that single sentence is the finest chapter in Hailwood's stirring career, a whole drama hidden behind a lone line of racing officialdom.

On the third lap, when he was steering the formidable MV-Agusta to an expected triumph, Hailwood ran headlong into trouble; the bike sensationally crashed on the greasy surface towards the close of the halfway mark.

He was well ahead of the others with nothing to worry about except the usual apprehensions about the machine's ability and willingness to stay the distance. The big red MV was acting its part superbly, the engine was unfaltering, its heartbeat

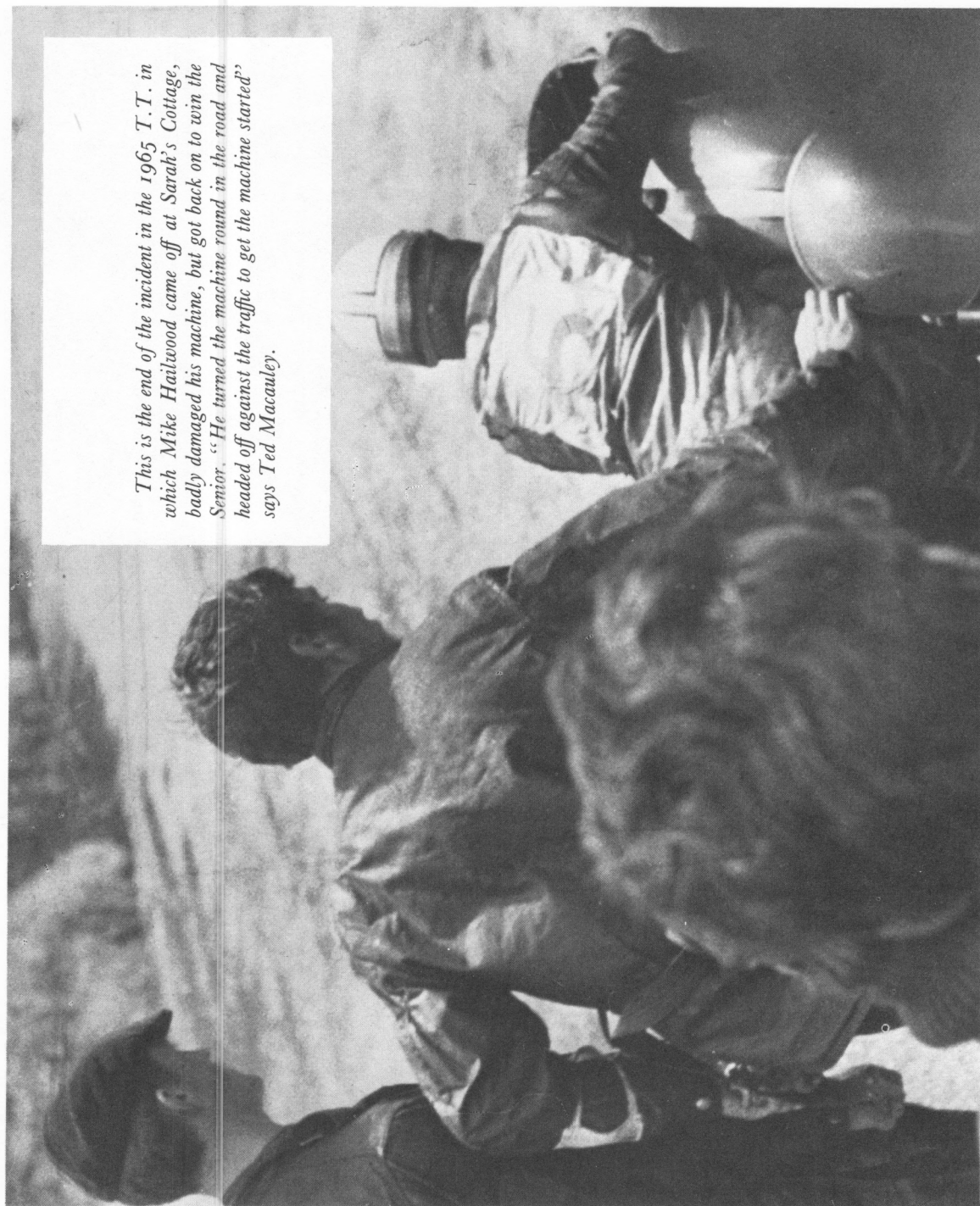


Jack Findlay at Quarter Bridge in the Isle of Man.



Alberto Pagani nearing the finish on his MV.

This is the end of the incident in the 1965 T.T. in which Mike Hailwood came off at Sarah's Cottage, badly damaged his machine, but got back on to win the Senior. "He turned the machine round in the road and headed off against the traffic to get the machine started" says Ted Macauley.



strong, and its handling was docile and accurate.

He sighted the problems of the road ahead and pressed his chest onto the petrol tank as he urged the beefy engine to greater power on the exit from Sarah's Cottage; they looked as if they presented nothing more than they had done for the preceding two laps. But this time, unseen by him, there was indeed a problem forming.

He could not see the oil slick that had put a treacherous skin across a wide puddle in the middle of his line as he accelerated up the hill away from Sarah's. He was trapped and completely unprepared: the road, wet and shiny, disguised the oil.

Suddenly he was off. The ground soaring up to meet him and wallop him in the back. At eighty miles an hour the machine slid from under his legs, wrestled itself out of his grip, and humped him onto the rain covered asphalt.

The mighty had fallen . . . and the MV, its engine still racing, spun along behind him, battered and dented as it slithered and hopped along the road.

When the world stopped spinning crazily Mike was flat on his back, the race number, tightly stitched on before the race, flapping loose. His leathers were scuffed and ripped and every muscle was aching.

For most men that would have been the end of the race and who would of blamed them? But not for Hailwood, he scrambled onto his feet and on wobbly legs ran to the fallen MV to take stock of the damage. His teammate, Giacomo Agostini, had fallen at precisely the same spot earlier, and watched Hailwood's antics with disbelief. He could hardly grasp that the British ace was going to carry on.

Neither could the marshals who ran to help and who were waved away by Hailwood; he did not want them to put a hand near the machine in case he was disqualified.

He hauled the machine upright; it looked like something from a scrapyard. It was scarred and abraded, the windscreen was split wide open and was flailing about loosely. The gear lever was buckled, the handlebars twisted out of line, the megaphones were battered nearly flat and a footrest had been sliced off.

The crowd waiting around the course realised that Hailwood was overdue; I do not suppose they could of imagined that their surefooted hero had taken a big tumble. Neither could they have hoped that he would continue if they had seen the condition his machine was in, to say nothing of the possible effects of the crash on the rider.

Mike propped the bike against a grass bank and kicked the handlebars until they were as true as he could get them. But he still did not know if the MV would re-fire, he did not know if that steady pulse of an engine would throb with power enough to get him back to the pits and to help.

He turned the machine round in the road, headed down the hill against the oncoming traffic and against all the rules of racing, and with his heart in his mouth sparked the life back into the motor. It fired first time and, as the marshals diplomatically looked the other way, Mike swung the big MV round again, shoved his chest back onto the tank and nosed off into the teeming rain towards the grandstand.

The familiar ear-splitting note, trumpeting victoriously through the muted megaphones, heralded his progress. But it was the only regular and usual point about the machine which was barely recognisable to the startled spectators. But he was back in the race – and that was what was important to him.

I looked down from my seat in the grandstand as Hailwood, whose 3m.53sec. lead had been slashed, motored in: even the mechanics, hardened to the rigours of racing, could scarcely believe their



Only three cylinders firing signals Mike Hailwood as he goes by in the 1963 Junior T.T. in the Island of Man.



Agostini with one of his leaping spectaculars.

More race action from Agostini.



eyes as the sorry looking MV was steered in. I could not see how he could go on. Had he pulled out then he would only have retired a hero. He could not lose . . . but neither could he have won the race. And that, to him, was the important thing.

His face was pale, his body shaken, but there was determination glinting out of those clear blue eyes, now cold with concentration.

But he was cool, too. An icy figure in the pandemonium of the pits as mechanics and officials hustled to find out what had happened as they struggled to repair the damage. Hailwood sat astride the machine laconically answering the dozens of questions fired at him in the half-minute halt at the pits.

His mechanics tore off the windscreen. It was useless anyway, and scything dangerously under his chin. But there was nothing more they could do and without any thought of surrender Hailwood set off again for another three laps. He knew it was going to be torture for his face: he had no protection from the slanting needles of rain that jabbed into his cheeks at more than 150 miles per hour.

His goggles were awash with rain that seeped in around the rims and he could hardly see his way; he was riding virtually blind around the most difficult race circuit in the world.

But fate had not yet finished with him. There was more trouble looming, more to force him out of the race, more treachery storing itself up in the MV's innards. The motor began to play up and on the fifth lap he turned for the pits once again. I thought this time that he had finally had enough and that he was pulling in for good. But I was wrong . . .

In little more than a minute later he was on his way again; he was defiant and determined. He refused to be mastered by whatever setback was thrust upon him.

This time the trouble was with one of the four cylinders, a throttle slide insisted on sticking shut. The mechanics put it right, but just as soon as he got going again it stuck wide open and it stayed that way, with the cylinder working wildly and uncontrollably and refusing to shut down.

It ran on full power, pulling him to the brink of disaster at every corner. He had to keep the machine in check, reigning it in, by using his brake at every bend of the road for the remaining 30-odd miles. And, believe me, only a man of Hailwood's unique brand of bravery would suffer such a hindrance and still ride all out for a win.



One of the tiddlers, Ralph Bryans flat out in a 1966 race.

Because even though he had been hit with more snags than most other riders get in a hundred races Hailwood would not settle for what would have been a glorious second place, or even one farther down the finishing line. There was not a spectator gathered around that course who would have found the slightest criticism to pass on under those circumstances.

The plain fact is that he could see only one way: the winning steak was strong enough to overshadow any of the problems that had threatened to rob him of victory.

There was another former rider sitting alongside me in the grandstand. His name: Alan Shepherd, a man who had been runner-up to Hailwood in the world 500cc championships and who had been forced out of racing after a bad head injury.



Tony Rutter getting lift-off.



Three great riders Bill Ivy, Mike Hailwood (left) and Phil Read.

The shape of many triumphs to come. Mike Hailwood pictured as he returned from an obviously successful tour of South Africa in 1958.



He told me: "Mike's victory was the finest performance of his career. It was the complete answer to my mind to all those people who had in the past given more credit to the machine than to the man.

"His showing and his courage brought home to me the whole meaning of the TT. It was an unforgettable sight for me to see him coming home ahead of the rest on a machine that did not look fit for the scrapheap."

Mike himself wearily pulled himself off the machine in the winners' enclosure, more than two

minutes in front of second man Joe Dunphy and readily admitted: "That was the dodgiest ride of my life."

When we were back at our hotel I asked him why he did not quit. He was genuinely surprised at my suggestion and answered: "You must be joking, the engine was still going. It was a bit uncomfortable at times but I knew I could win so there was no question in my mind of packing it in.

"I must have slid thirty yards or more on my back when I came off but I haven't got a scratch. I 'lost'

it as I was going through the left hander in the 'z' at Sarah's. All at once I was off. I was okay . . . but the bike . . . what a mess it was in.

"I was really chuffed when it started up again. I know I broke the rules when I went off against the oncoming traffic but I didn't even stop to think about that. I didn't endanger anybody. And nobody complained."

I think if anybody had complained he would have been lynched by any one of the thousands of enthusiasts who that night were still talking about Hailwood's performance.

Mike told me: "The only real worry I had when I got the bike going again was if the scrutineers would try to stop me when I got back to the pits and they were able to see the mess the machine was in.

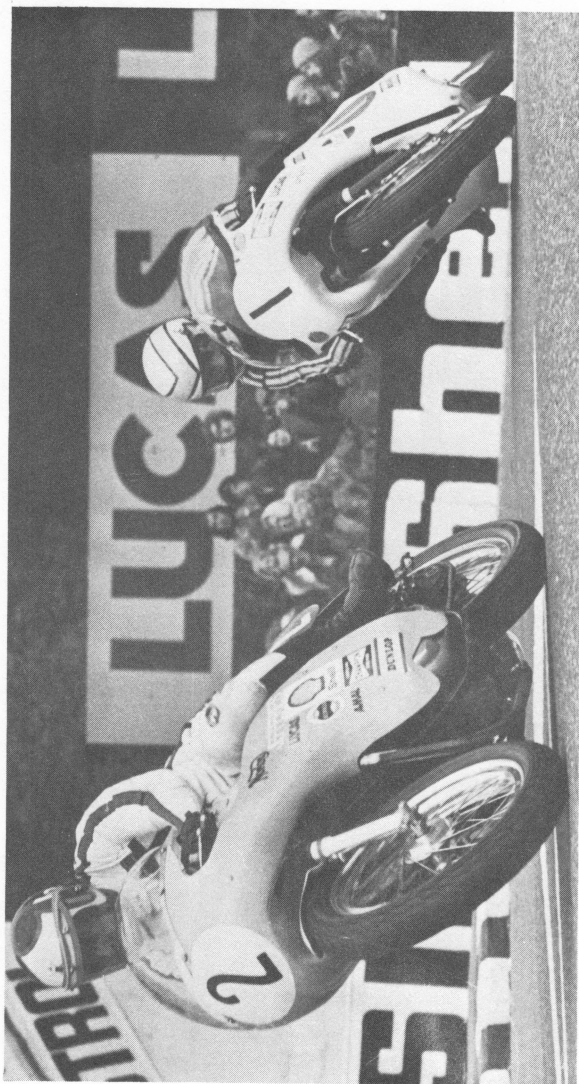
"Aside from that I don't think there was any chance of my not going on, not while there was still some life left in the engine. But I'll tell you this: I have never been so pleased to see a chequered flag. I thought it was never going to come."

Mike's father, Stan Hailwood, was rightly proud of his 24-yr-old son's performance and he could not hide it when we talked later. He enthused: "This race must have proved that my son is the greatest. What other man wouldn't have quit in the face of all the troubles he had? I would not have given anybody else a jot of a chance to win after a fall like that. Only Mike could do it. And he showed us how."

Even making allowances for Stanley Hailwood's understandable pride I do not think he exaggerated the case one iota; he was fully justified in his praise. But for me the whole affair was given greater significance by Hailwood's modesty. He would not capitalise on it, other than to describe in honest, matter of fact terms, precisely what had happened and deliberately playing down any false ideas anybody had over and above the startling truth.

Two years later, almost to the day, Hailwood was once more at the centre of the drama on Senior race afternoon. And, again, his courage was put to the gruelling test. But, again, there was no breaking point to be found, no weak chink in Hailwood's armour. The challenge this time was probably even more severe than it had been in 1965 because he had not only technical difficulties to surmount but the problem of a top form Agostini to master.

They were happy partners no longer: Hailwood, lured by the big money of Honda, had moved across from Italian glory to Japanese support. It was not

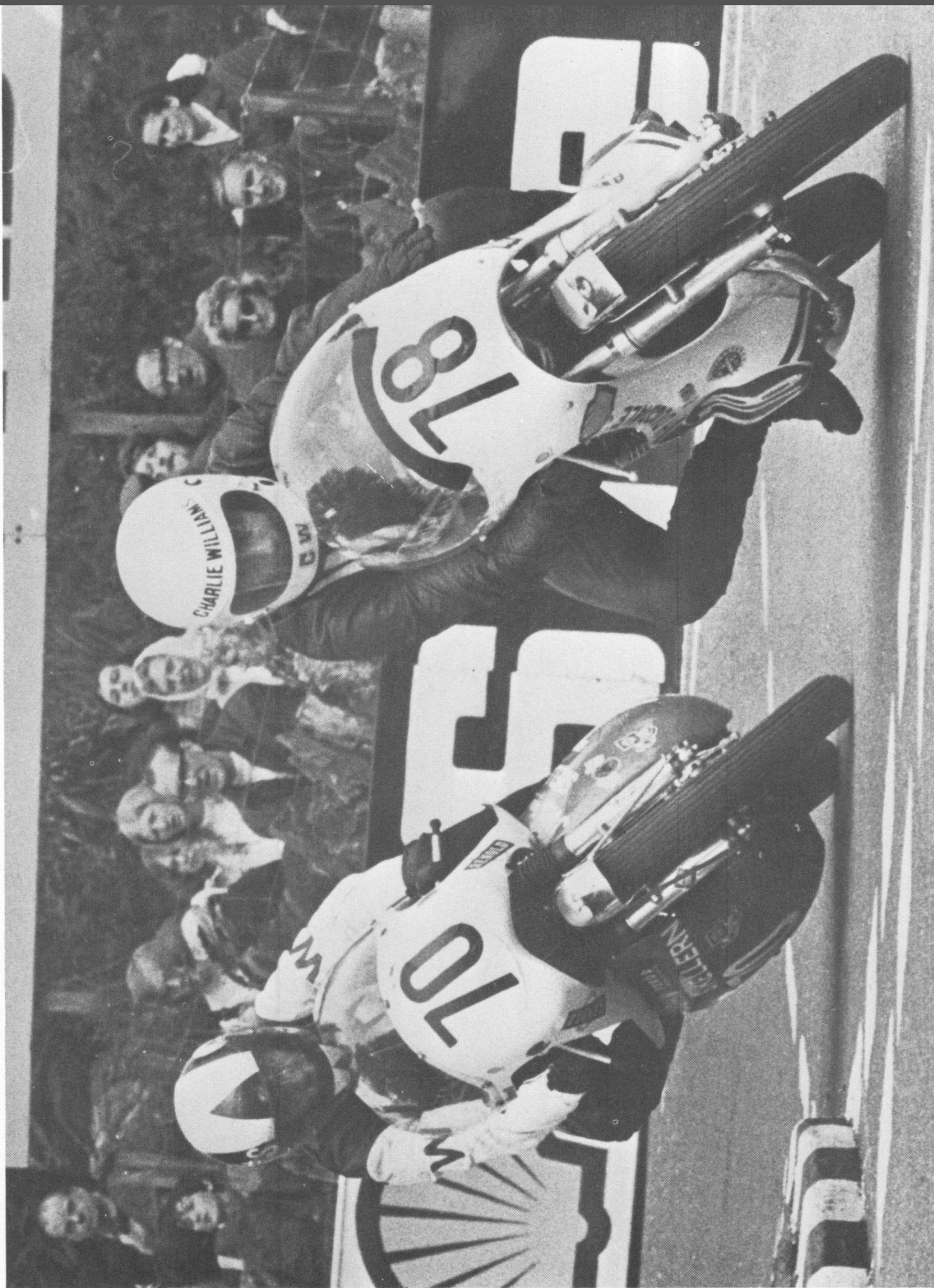


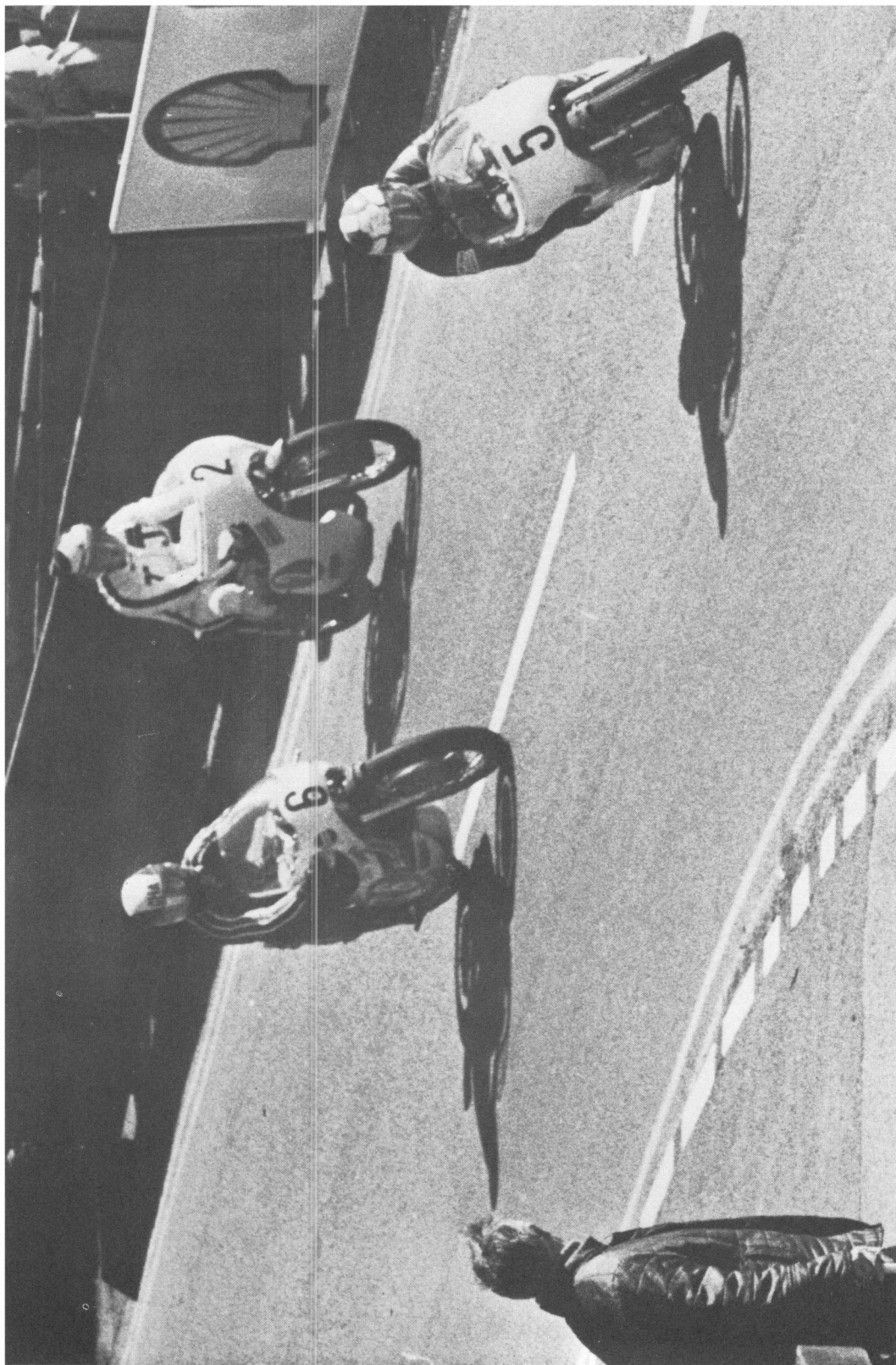
Tony Jefferies (2) and Ray Pickrell.

easy for him, not nearly so easy as it had been with the MV. For the big Honda was an untameable, wretched tangle of waywardness. It handled atrociously, badly enough to scare even Hailwood. And it was a constant threat to his very life. It was power without balance, it twisted what passed for a frame when the heat was turned on and hopped and juddered off line like a mad thing when the stress of the engine was being reached for.

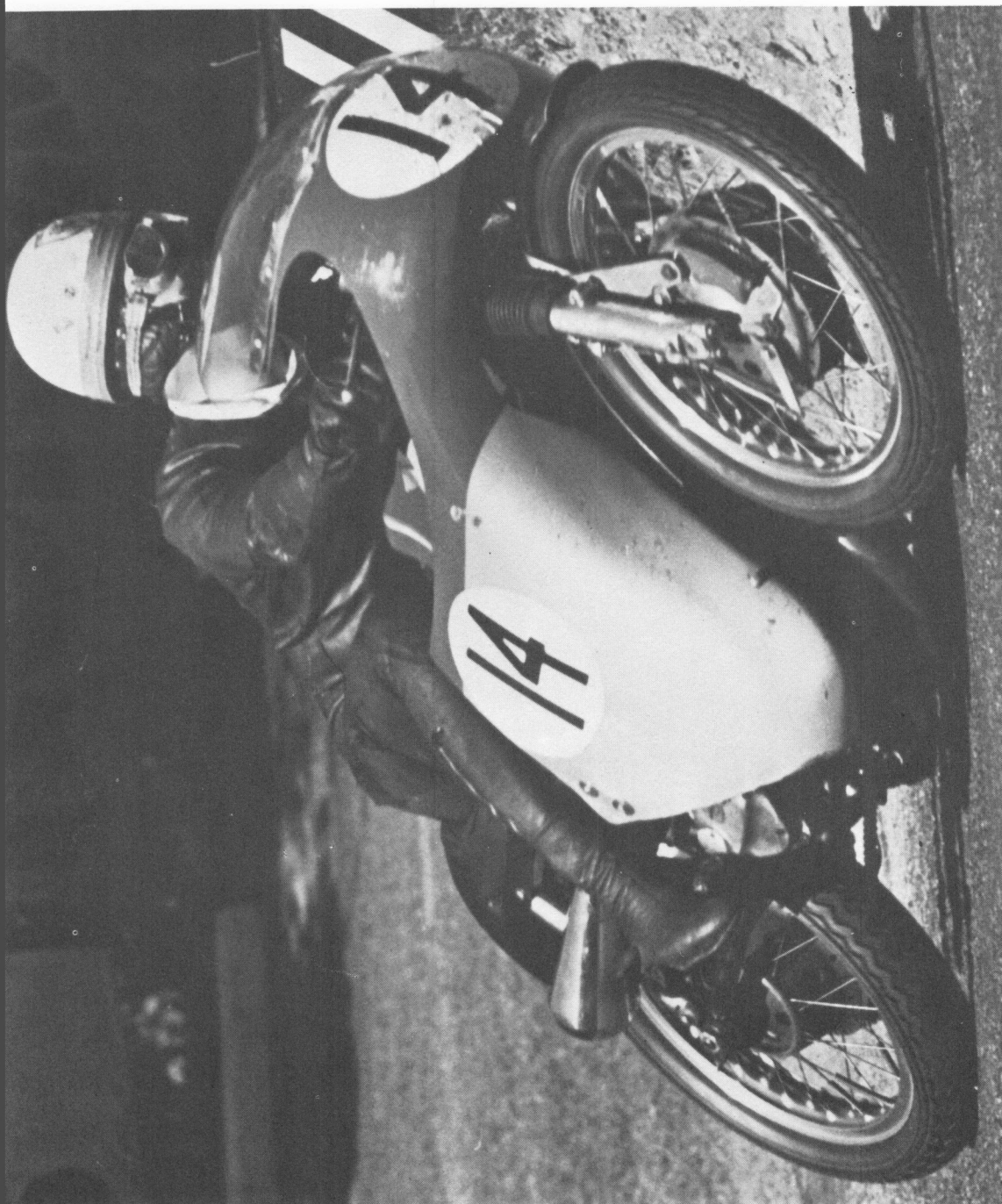
It gave Hailwood more frights than he had ever

The Williamses: Charlie (78) and John.





Rod Gould (5) leads Tony Jefferies (2) and Derek Chatterton.



Bill Smith on his 500 Matchless.

had in his racing life. Every weekend spent racing it was a new danger to him: the situation was the same, only the scenes were changed as the Grand Prix points chase heated up.

The Isle of Man and the TT loomed on the Grand Prix calendar and it was clear to Hailwood that he was in for a tough time. He did not know just how rough it was going to be.

For Hailwood to be even competitive on the 500cc Honda was a great triumph over terrifying adversity, for him to win meant that he had to draw deeply into the reserves of his nerve and ride across the barrier of his own apprehensions.

This was the situation when he arrived in the Isle of Man to take on Agostini. He was nervous and was not afraid to show it, but he was probably enjoying the tension, allowing it to build up so that he would explode into action when it most mattered.

Agostini, on the better handling machine, the race proved MV, was nervy, too. They were two men keyed up to hair trigger reactions, both hellbent on seeing the other off as a challenger in the coveted world of 500cc championship.

Mike assessed his chances before the race as little higher than nil. He kept it mostly to himself and to personal friends but he thought the handsome Italian would win easily. Mike did not believe he could handle the Honda well enough to win, even if it stayed the pace that was obviously going to be set for it by the reliable MV.

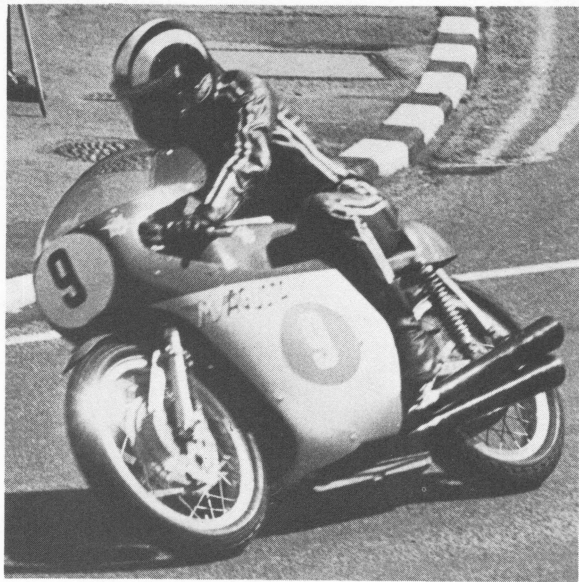
But, again, Mike was making no allowances for his own bravery factor, the invisible line that could weave the difference between a glorious win or an ordinary result. He could not have known before the race just how seriously he would be called upon to test his courage, just as he had been two years before.

The course held no fears for him. Only the Honda worried him. It was like a hurriedly trained thoroughbred, a flighty two-year-old that was headstrong, one that needed titanic strength to hold. It was so much of a handful that even people watching from the circuit sides could easily see its unsettled path.

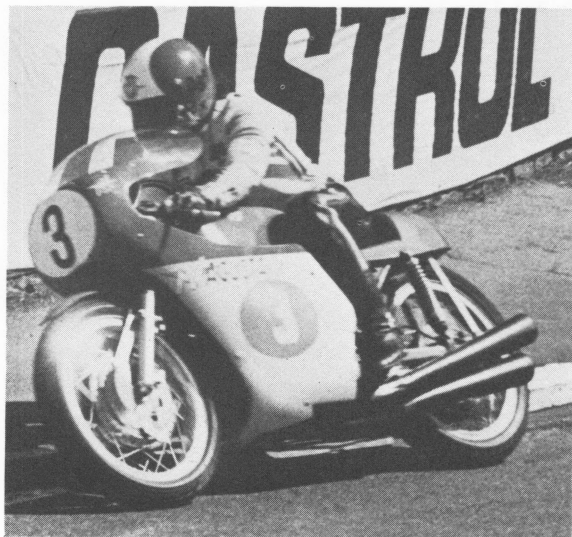
Mike told me then: "If those people get scared just watching they should be where I am."

Whatever money was paid to him by Honda Mike gave back full value: my personal view, having watched him wrestle with the 500 at circuits right across Europe, was that he could have had his salary doubled and it still would not have been enough. And anybody who was around then to see

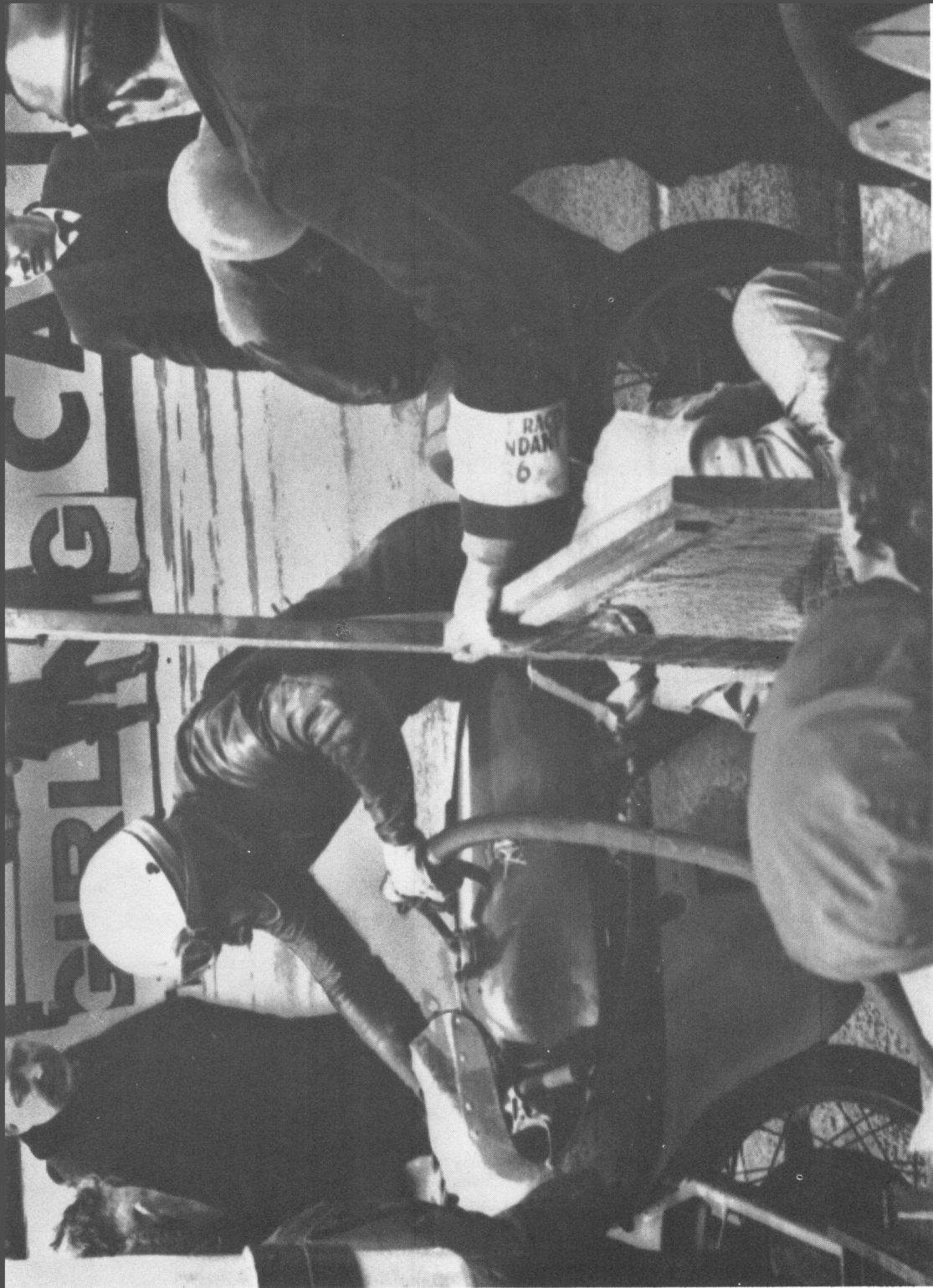
STARS ON THE MV AGUSTA



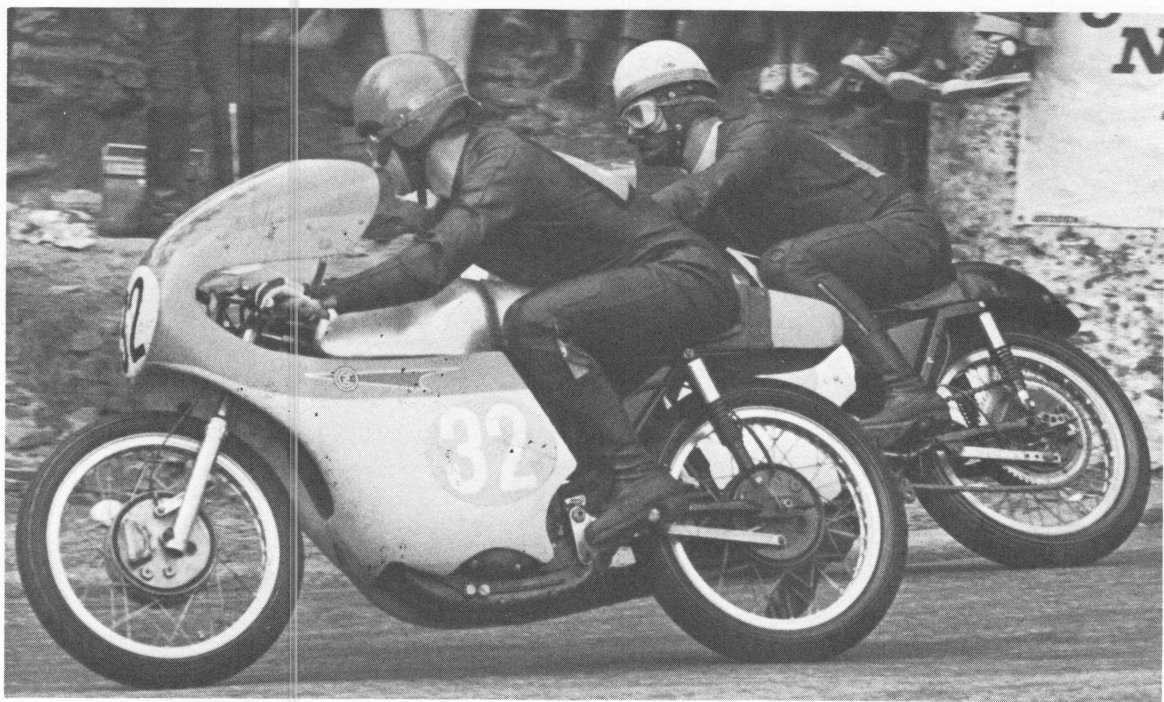
Phil Read.



Giacomo Agostini.



Mike Hailwood: All action, even in the pits.



Bill Smith (Arter-A.J.S.) passes Gustav Havel.

what I and countless thousands of spectators saw would agree with that point.

The combination of having to tackle Agostini on a bike like the Honda over the TT course, with its demanding miles, would have been enough to scare off any man. But not Hailwood.

The race turned out to be a classic – Friday, June 16, 1967, was a red letter day for TT drama and excitement. Hailwood versus Agostini. The well-behaved MV against the skittish Honda. There was hardly free space around the circuit. The beach, despite the sunshine, was like a desert. The sea empty of bobbing heads and Douglas, the island capital, was almost a ghost town. Everybody, it seemed, had gone to the race.

And the high point of the drama hit them like a blow between the eyes on the second lap. Hailwood, struggling manfully to tame the mulish behaviour of the Honda, was using all his skill to re-claim vital time lost to a roaraway Agostini. There were more than four laps left, all to be covered at a killing pace. And Hailwood's troubles really hit him, the twist grip on the throttle began to slid off the end of the handlebars.

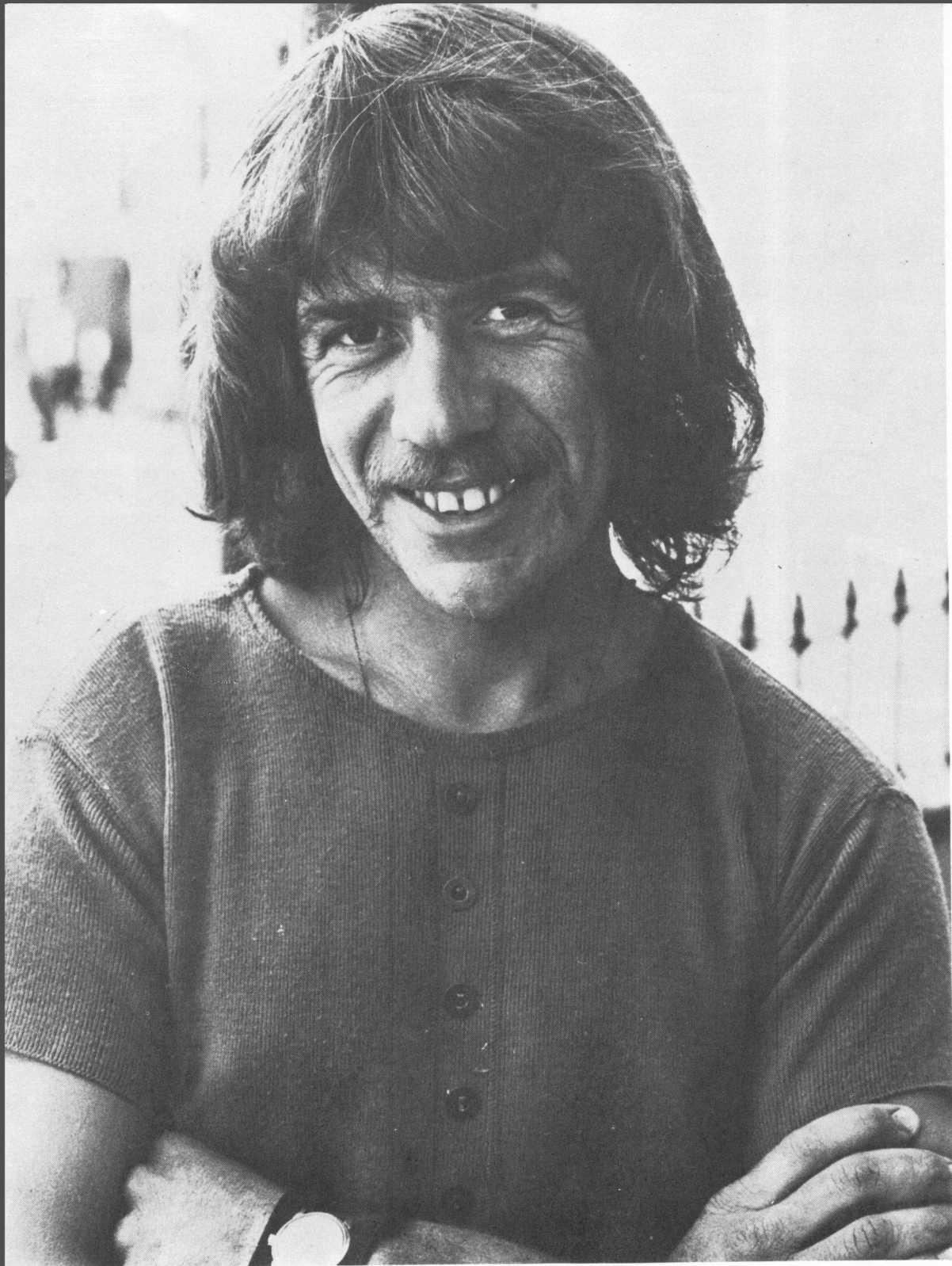
He knew that at any second it could slide off completely and leave him holding a useless handful of rubber: the effect would be similar, I suppose, to the steering wheel coming off as you approached a tricky bend at upwards of 100 miles an hour.

And it did come off completely just a few minutes before he steered his machine into the pits for a petrol stop: Agostini, riding superbly, looked to have the race sewn up. Hailwood's concentration was wrecked by this dreadful set-back – but his spirit was not broken.

The Honda mechanics could do no more than knot a handkerchief around the grip and hope, faintly, that it would stay in place. It was an empty gesture; a joke, really, if things had not been so serious out there on the racing lines.

Hailwood thought then that a victor's place on the rostrum was out of the question. Agostini, probably at the peak of his racing powers, looked like an insurmountable problem even for a man of Hailwood's capabilities.

There were three laps to go now and Hailwood realised he would have to go even harder, harder than he wanted, to catch the Italian. On the next



Keith Turner.

lap, the fourth, he unbelievably pegged back Agostini's 11-second lead and then went one second better.

Not happy with that advantage he tried to pull away – and the grip was sliding about the end of the handlebars like the top end of a treacherous, greasy pole. Agostini responded. He could scarcely believe that Hailwood was up with him and even more surprised to get a signal from his helpers that the Honda was leading, if only marginally.

Agostini counter-attacked and pushed Hailwood into his shadow with a two-second lead, and he fought every inch of the way to store up that precious time. Hailwood, now resigned almost fatalistically

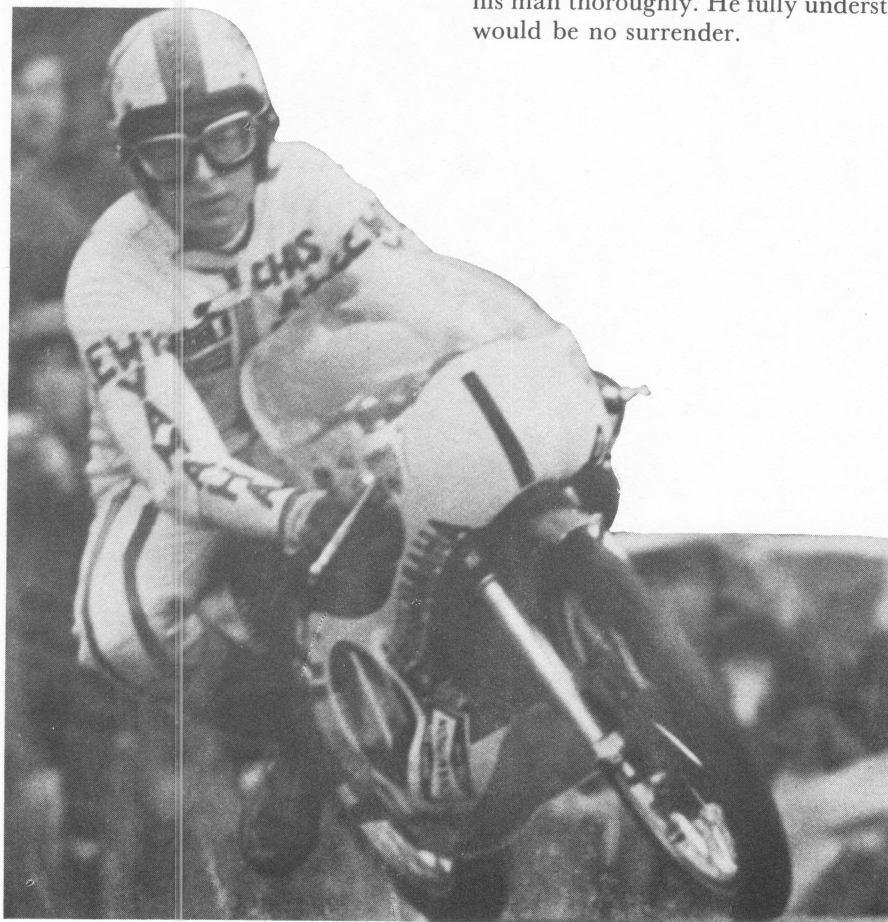
to the dangers of the sliding grip, chased the Italian like a maddened terrier. He did not know it, nor did the Italian realise it, but the bad luck that had plagued the Honda was now edging over towards the MV.

The pace the two men had set was too much for the metal they were in charge of: and Agostini's chain was burnt dry of its lifeblood grease as it was whipped and flogged across the sprocket.

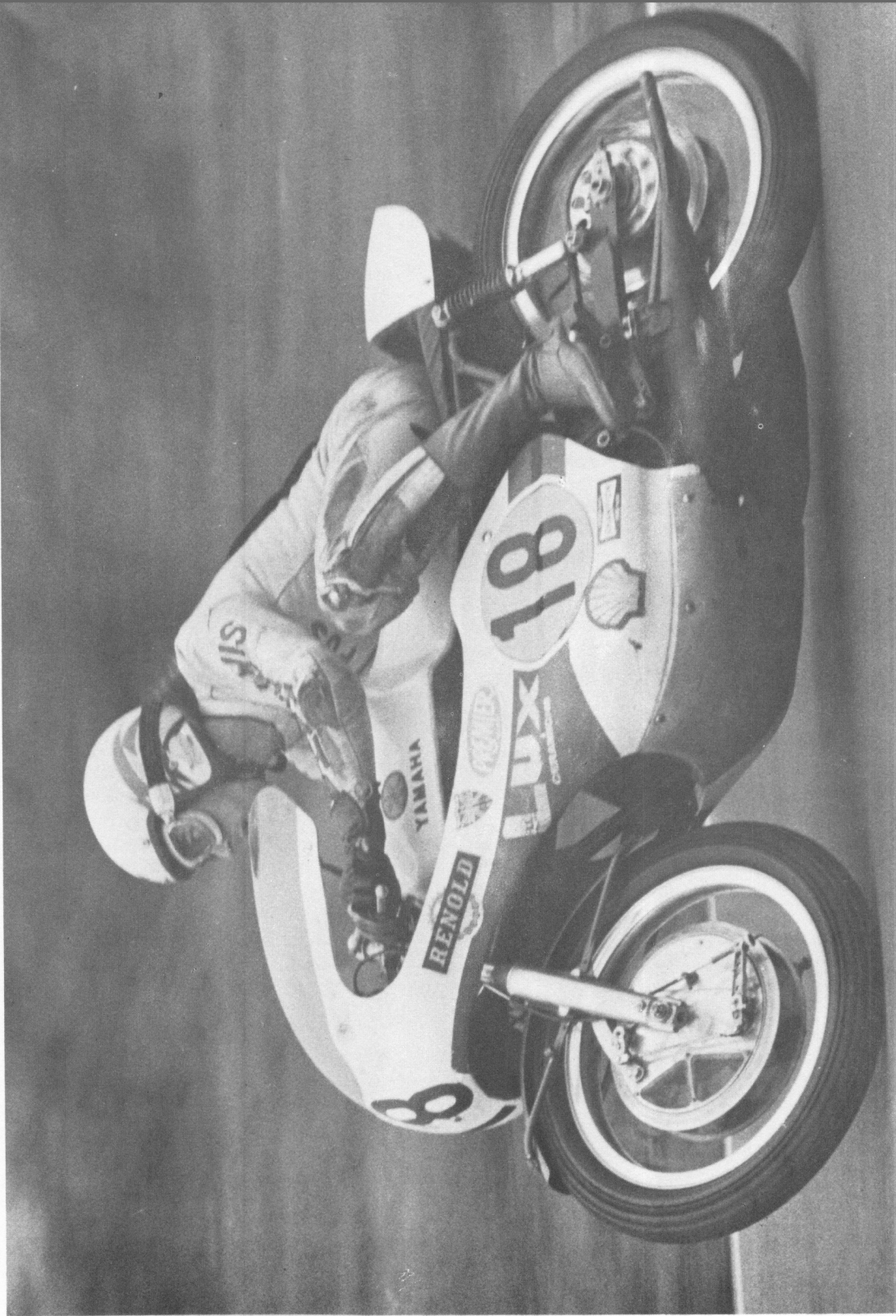
And suddenly the race was over for him. The chain tortured beyond salvage snapped. The links, burning hot, peppered the road that had been the scene of such a glorious duel and Agostini, cursing his luck, had to quit. He had thought, when he heard about Hailwood's perilous throttle grip, that he might have an easy ride.

I suppose if any other rider in the world had been in Hailwood's place that might have been true. But Agostini, great friend and rival of Hailwood, knew his man thoroughly. He fully understood that there would be no surrender.

Charlie Mortimer on 125 Yamaha.



Mortimer tries a different Yamaha.



Hailwood, left clear by the MV's failure, 'coasted' home with a last lap of 100.43 mph, without really trying, to clinch a truly magnificent victory.

He told me later: "If Agostini had not had trouble he would have won the race. Not only because of the trouble I was having but because he was riding so well. He would have won on merit.

"I admit I was half-scared to death. The machine was all over the road, it was handling like a pig. Then the throttle came adrift and I thought that nothing else could happen now so I might as well get on with the job.

"But I think for the first time at the TT I was really sticking my neck out. I was right over the limit. I went very hard from the start and was still six seconds down on Agostini. He must have been riding like a demon."

I cite these two instances of Hailwood's superb mastery of the TT as a reminder to all the doubting Thomases who have written the place off as a place where spectacle is defeated by danger.

Nobody had been around the TT course quicker than Hailwood – and he has fallen only once. That, as I have written, was when he found himself upended by an almost invisible skinning of oil on a puddle.

I cannot recall him ever voicing fears about the circuit: he respected it, of course. Just as he did every circuit. But he did it justice. He was magnificent at the TT.

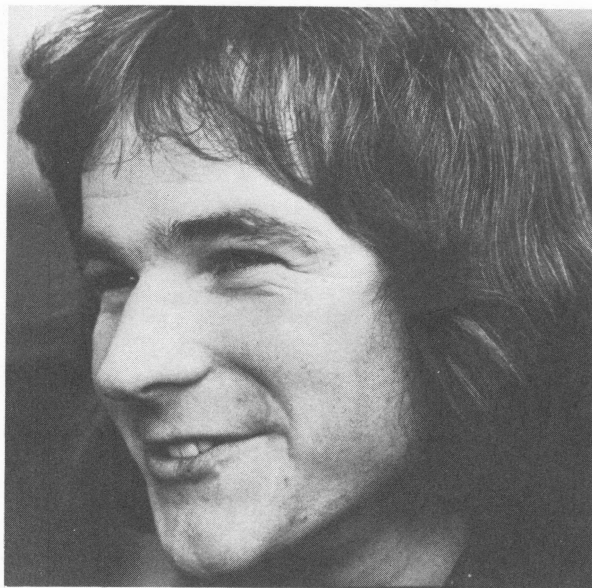
Many other men, too, have shown that it holds no fears. They have performed probably as determinedly without being quite so fast. And, what is more, they have enjoyed their racing.

Hailwood has told me since: "What is the matter with these people who won't race there? You have to go where the racing is best, where it is toughest. You cannot escape that responsibility, simply racing at places because you imagine one circuit is a little safer than another.

"Can you imagine Bill Ivy, or Redman or any of those other great riders refusing to race at the TT because they considered it too dangerous. It is almost a joke. But it is a sad one.

"The TT is a tremendous test, both to the machine and to the man. And as such it is a 'must' as a place to race.

"I am saddened by the attitude of riders who have backed off. It seems a new breed of rider is coming up, one vastly different from my days on two wheels. And I don't like the trend."



Barry Sheene.

I must add my piece to Hailwood's. I had a view, which I still hold, that despite all the rumblings about the TT course and the safety factor there were riders who only turned down the chance to race there because the money was not good enough.

In other words I felt that their apprehensions about the dangers would have mysteriously evaporated if bigger start money offers were made. It is, I firmly believe, as straight forward an issue as that with some of the big name men who opted out.

And they made the fundamental error of linking the two issues together when they aired their views to the Auto-Cycle Union: they wanted, they said, an improvement of safety measures AND a bigger slice of the financial cake. Not even a separation of the two points, one was inter-linked with the other.

I would be interested to know how many riders would have agreed to race had the ACU said they were not going to improve the safety factor – but that they would swell the start money pay out.

Hailwood was happy with his lot. So was Geoff Duke. And John Hartle. Many other riders, too, who are prepared to race anywhere will, I hope, help to keep the great TT tradition alive.

It is, after all, the greatest road race in the world.



Getting all possible power : Angelo Nieto.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP 1, 2, 3

1949	NELLO PAGANI	Mondial	1st	1950	BRUNO RUFFO	Mondial	1st
125cc	RENATO MAGI	Morini	2nd	125cc	GIANNI LEONI	Mondial	2nd
	CARLO UBBIALI	Mondial	3rd		CARLO UBBIALI	Mondial	3rd
250cc	BRUNO RUFFO	Guzzi	1st	250cc	DARIO AMBROSINI	Benelli	1st
	DARIO AMBROSINI	Benelli	2nd		MAURICE CANN	Guzzi	2nd
	RON MEAD	Norton	3rd		FERGUS ANDERSON	Guzzi	3rd
350cc	FREDDY FRITH	Velocette	1st	350cc	BOB FOSTER	Velocette	1st
	REG ARMSTRONG	AJS	2nd		GEOFF DUKE	Norton	2nd
	BOB FOSTER	Velocette	3rd		LES GRAHAM	AJS	3rd
500cc	LES GRAHAM	AJS	1st	500cc	UMBERTO MASETTI	Gilera	1st
	NELLO PAGANI	Gilera	2nd		GEOFF DUKE	Norton	2nd
	ARCISO ARTESIANI	Gilera	3rd		LES GRAHAM	AJS	3rd
Sidecars	ERIC OLIVER	Norton	1st	Sidecars	ERIC OLIVER	Norton	1st
	ERCOLE FRIGERIO	Gilera	2nd		ERCOLE FRIGERIO	Gilera	2nd
	FRANS VANDERSCHRIK	Norton	3rd		HANS HALDEMANN	Norton	3rd

Charlie Williams, Charlie Mortimer, and Bill Rae after the 1972 125 race in the Isle of Man.





Stars talk it over: Mike Hailwood and Jim Redman.

Relaxation for Agostini and Pagani.



1951 125cc	CARLO UBBIALI	Mondial	1st	500cc	UMBERTO MASETTI	Gilera	1st
	GIANNI LEONI	Mondial	2nd		LES GRAHAM	MV	2nd
	CROMIE McCANDLES	Mondial	3rd		REG ARMSTRONG	Norton	3rd
250cc	BRUNO RUFFO	Guzzi	1st	Sidecars	CYRIL SMITH	Norton	1st
	TOMMY WOOD	Guzzi	2nd		ALBINO MILANI	Gilera	2nd
	DARIO AMBROSINI	Benelli	3rd		JACQUES DRION	Norton	3rd
350cc	GEOFF DUKE	Norton	1st	1953 125cc	WERNER HAAS	NSU	1st
	JOHN LOCKETT	Norton	2nd		CECIL SANDFORD	MV	2nd
	KEN KAVANAGH	Norton	3rd		CARLO UBBIALI	MV	3rd
500cc	GEOFF DUKE	Norton	1st	250cc	WERNER HAAS	NSU	1st
	ALFREDO MILANI	Gilera	2nd		REG ARMSTRONG	NSU	2nd
	UMBERTO MASETTI	Gilera	3rd		FERGUS ANDERSON	Guzzi	3rd
Sidecars	ERIC OLIVER	Norton	1st	350cc	FERGUS ANDERSON	Guzzi	1st
	ERCOLE FRIGERIO	Gilera	2nd		ENRICO LORENZETTI	Guzzi	2nd
	ALBINI MILANI	Gilera	3rd		RAY AMM	Norton	3rd
1952 125cc	CECIL SANDFORD	MV	1st	500cc	GEOFF DUKE	Gilera	1st
	CARLO UBBIALI	Mondial	2nd		REG ARMSTRONG	Gilera	2nd
	EMILIO MENDOGNI	Morini	3rd		ALFREDO MILANI	Gilera	3rd
250cc	ENRICO LORENZETTI	Guzzi	1st	Sidecars	ERIC OLIVER	Norton	1st
	FERGUS ANDERSON	Guzzi	2nd		CYRIL SMITH	Norton	2nd
	LES GRAHAM	Benelli	3rd		HANS HALDEMANN	Norton	3rd
350cc	GEOFF DUKE	Norton	1st	1954 125cc	RUPERT HOLLAUS	NSU	1st
	REG ARMSTRONG	Norton	2nd		CARLO UBBIALI	MV	2nd
	RAY AMM	Norton	3rd		HERMANN MULLER	NSU	3rd



Phil Read.

250cc	WERNER HAAS RUPERT HOLLAUS HERMANN MULLER	NSU NSU NSU	1st 2nd 3rd	250cc	HERMANN MULLER CECIL SANDFORD WILLIAM LOMAS	NSU Guzzi MV	1st 2nd 3rd
350cc	FERGUS ANDERSON RAY AMM ROD COLEMAN	Guzzi Norton AJS	1st 2nd 3rd	350cc	WILLIAM LOMAS DICKIE DALE AUGUSTE HOBL	Guzzi Guzzi DKW	1st 2nd 3rd
500cc	GEOFF DUKE RAY AMM KEN KAVANAGH	Gilera Norton Guzzi	1st 2nd 3rd	500cc	GEOFF DUKE REG ARMSTRONG UMBERTO MASETTI	Gilera Gilera MV	1st 2nd 3rd
Sidecars	WILHELM NOLL ERIC OLIVER CYRIL SMITH	BMW Norton Norton	1st 2nd 3rd	Sidecars	WILLI FAUST WILHELM NOLL WALTER SCHNEIDER	BMW BMW BMW	1st 2nd 3rd
1955 125cc	CARLO UBBIALI LUIGI TAVERI REMO VENTURI	MV MV MV	1st 2nd 3rd	1956 125cc	CARLO UBBIALI ROMOLO FERRI LUIGI TAVERI	MV Gilera MV	1st 2nd 3rd

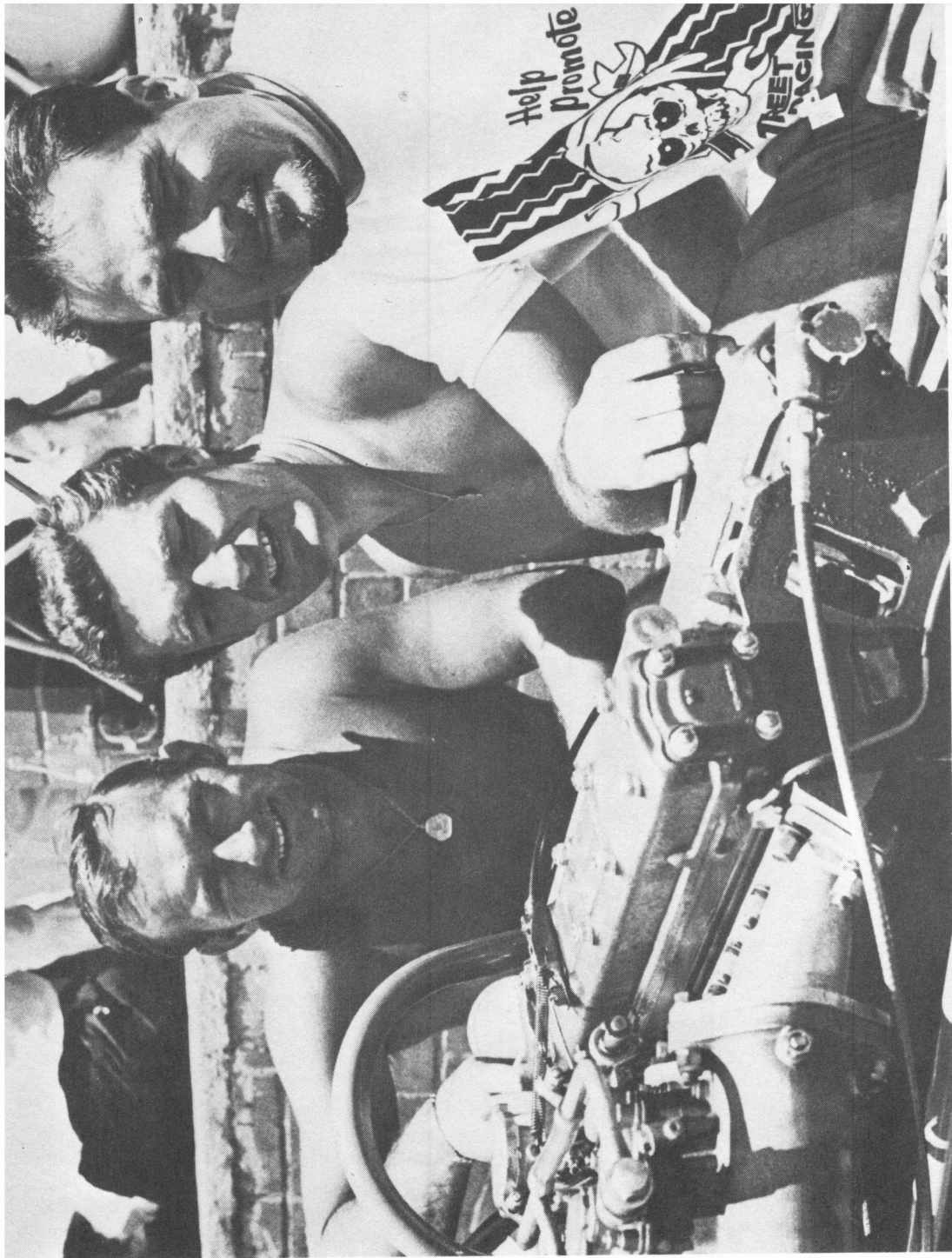


Derek Minter (11) leads his field.

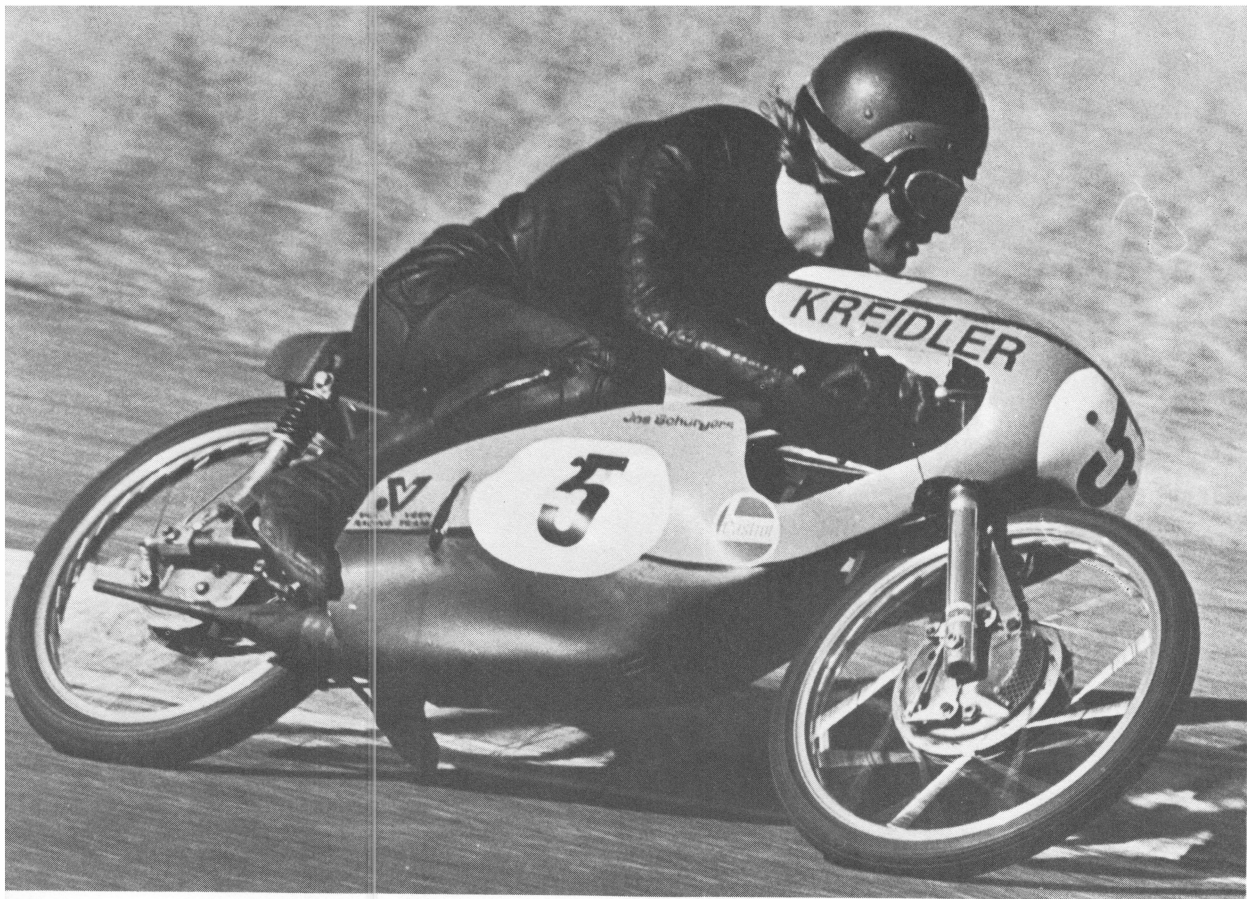


Stirling Moss (left) and Geoff Duke shake hands before Duke's first international car race in 1952. Geoff, in an Aston Martin, finished third.

250cc	CARLO UBBIALI LUIGI TAVERI ENRICO LORENZETTI	MV MV Guzzi	1st 2nd 3rd	350cc	JOHN SURTEES JOHN HARTLE BOB BROWN	MV Agusta MV Agusta Norton	1st 2nd 3rd
350cc	WILLIAM LOMAS AUGUSTE HOBL DICKIE DALE	Guzzi DKW Guzzi	1st 2nd 3rd	500cc	JOHN SURTEES REMO VENTURI BOB BROWN	MV Agusta MV Agusta Norton	1st 2nd 3rd
500cc	JOHN SURTEES WALTER ZELLER JOHN HARTLE	MV BMW Norton	1st 2nd 3rd	Sidecars	WALTER SCHNEIDER FLORIAN CAMATHIAS FRITZ SCHEIDEGGER	BMW BMW BMW	1st 2nd 3rd
Sidecars	WILHELM NOLL FRITZ HILLEBRAND PIP HARRIS	BMW BMW Norton	1st 2nd 3rd	1960	CARLO UBBIALI	MV	1st
1957	TARQUINIO PROVINI	FB Mondial	1st	125cc	GARY HOCKING	MV	2nd
125cc	LUIGI TAVERI	MV	2nd		ERNST DEGNER	MZ	3rd
	CARLO UBBIALI	MV	3rd	250cc	CARLO UBBIALI	MV	1st
250cc	CECIL SANDFORD	FB Mondial	1st		GARY HOCKING	MV	2nd
	TARQUINIO PROVINI	FB Mondial	2nd		LUIGI TAVERI	MV	3rd
	SAMMY MILLER	FB Mondial	3rd	350cc	JOHN SURTEES	MV	1st
350cc	KEITH CAMPBELL	Guzzi	1st		GARY HOCKING	MV	2nd
	BOB MCINTYRE	Gilera	2nd		JOHN HARTLE	Norton	3rd
	LIBERO LIBERATI	Gilera	3rd	500cc	JOHN SURTEES	MV	1st
500cc	LIBERO LIBERATI	Gilera	1st		REMO VENTURI	MV	2nd
	BOB MCINTYRE	Gilera	2nd		JOHN HARTLE	Norton	3rd
	JOHN SURTEES	MV	3rd	Sidecars	HELMUT FATH	BMW	1st
Sidecars	FRITZ HILLEBRAND	BMW	1st		FRITZ SCHEIDEGGER	BMW	2nd
	WALTER SCHNEIDER	BMW	2nd		PIP HARRIS	BMW	3rd
	FLORIAN CAMATHIAS	BMW	3rd	1961	TOM PHILLIS	Honda	1st
1958	CARLO UBBIALI	MV	1st	125cc	ERNST DEGNER	MZ	2nd
125cc	ALBERTO GANDOSI	Ducati	2nd		JIM REDMAN	Honda	3rd
	LUIGI TAVERI	Ducati	3rd	250cc	MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda	1st
250cc	TARQUINIO PROVINI	MV	1st		TOM PHILLIS	Honda	2nd
	HORST FUGNER	MZ	2nd		JIM REDMAN	Honda	3rd
	CARLO UBBIALI	MV	3rd	350cc	GARY HOCKING	MV Agusta	1st
350cc	JOHN SURTEES	MV	1st		FRANKIE STASTNY	Jawa	2nd
	JOHN HARTLE	MV	2nd		GUSTAV HAVEL	Jawa	3rd
	GEOFF DUKE	Norton	3rd	500cc	GARY HOCKING	MV Agusta	1st
500cc	JOHN SURTEES	MV	1st		MIKE HAILWOOD	Norton & MV	2nd
	JOHN HARTLE	MV	2nd		FRANK PERRIS	Norton	3rd
	DICKIE DALE	BMW	3rd	Sidecars	MAX DEUBEL	BMW	1st
Sidecars	WALTER SCHNEIDER	BMW	1st		FRITZ SCHEIDEGGER	BMW	2nd
	FLORIAN CAMATHIAS	BMW	2nd		EDGAR STRUB	BMW	3rd
	HELMUT FATH	BMW	3rd	1962	ERNST DEGNER	Suzuki	1st
1959	CARLO UBBIALI	MV Agusta	1st	50cc	HANS-GEORG ANSCHEIDT	Kreidler	2nd
125cc	TARQUINIO PROVINI	MV Agusta	2nd		LUIGI TAVERI	Honda	3rd
	MIKE HAILWOOD	FB Mondial	3rd	125cc	LUIGI TAVERI	Honda	1st
250cc	CARLO UBBIALI	MV Agusta	1st		JIM REDMAN	Honda	2nd
	TARQUINIO PROVINI	MV Agusta	2nd		TOMMY ROBB	Honda	3rd
	GARY HOCKING	MZ	3rd	250cc	JIM REDMAN	Honda	1st
					BOB MCINTYRE	Honda	2nd
					ARTHUR WHEELER	Guzzi	3rd

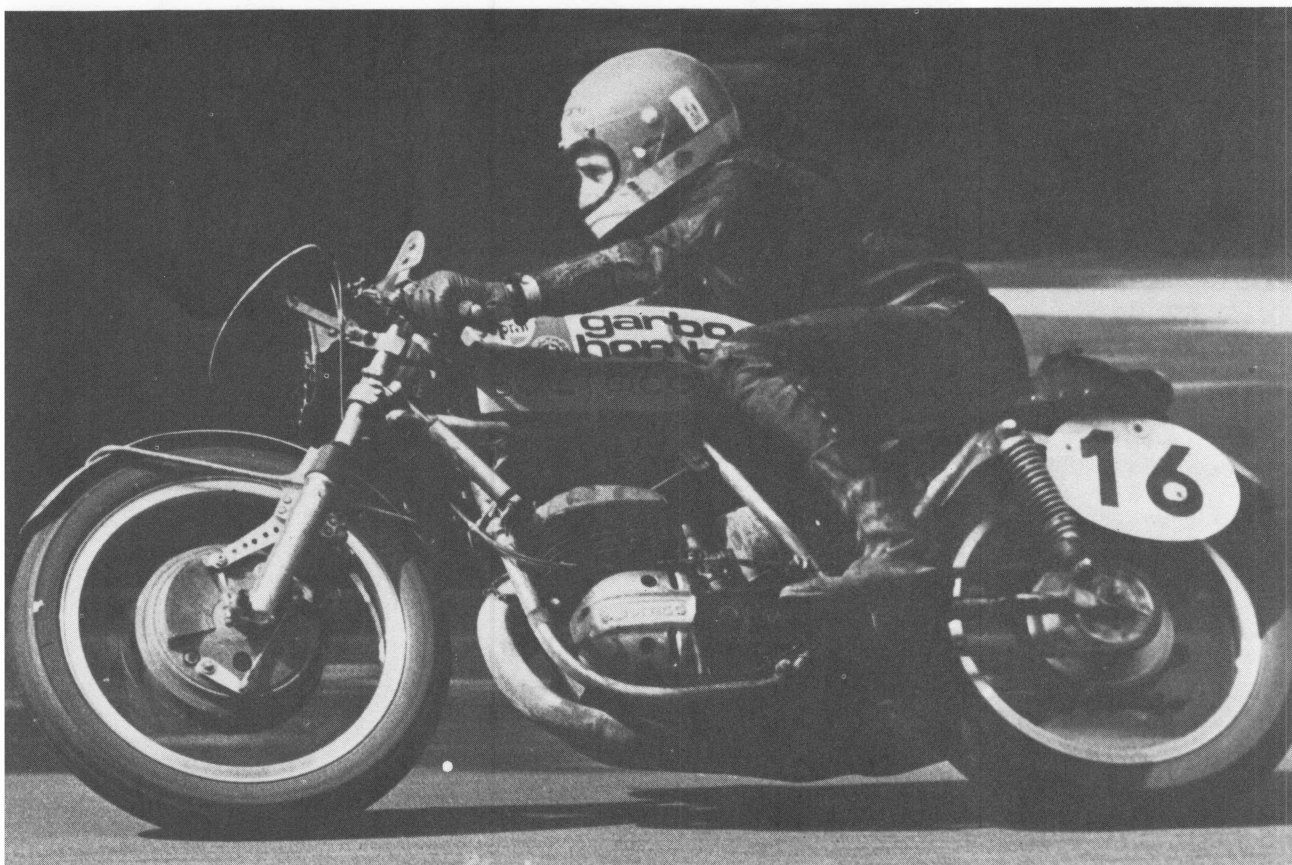


*Mike Hailwood, Bob Anderson, and Paddy Driver.
Pictured during a car race interlude in South Africa.*



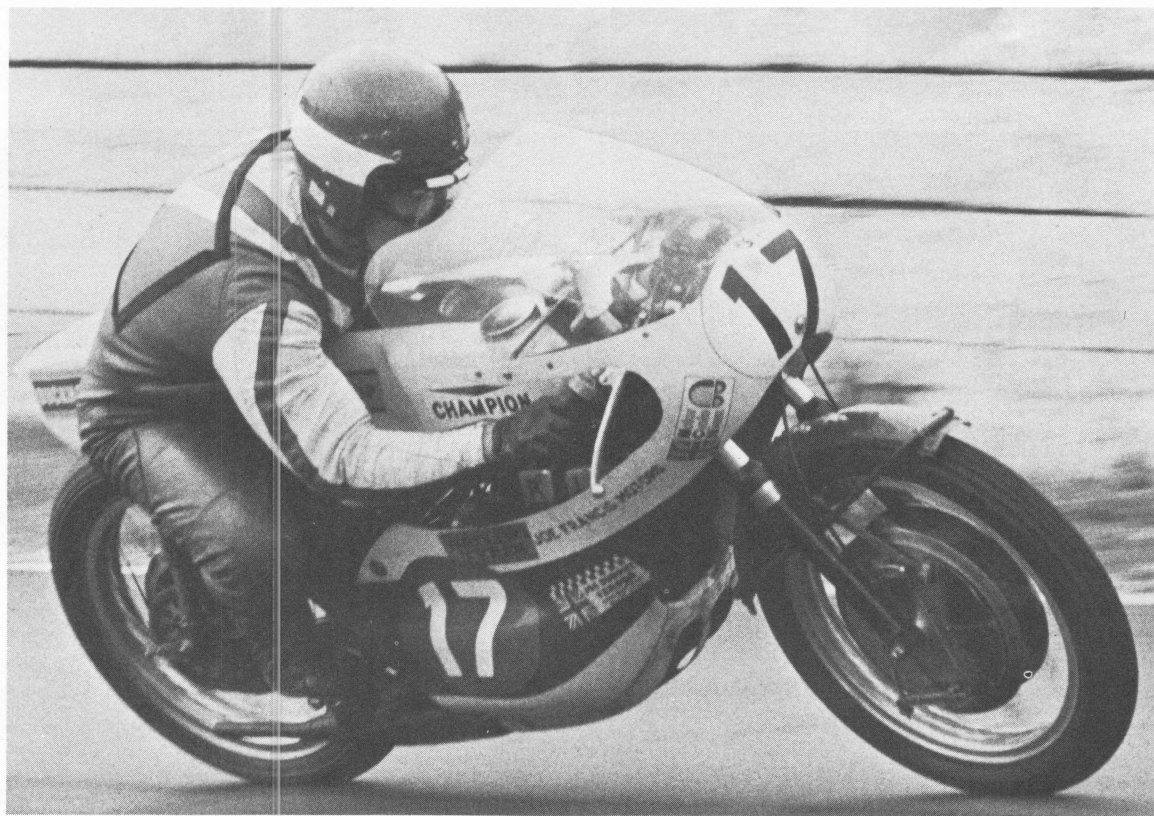
Schurgers in the 1971 Spanish Grand Prix.

350cc	JIM REDMAN TOMMY ROBB MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda Honda MV	1st 2nd 3rd	500cc	MIKE HAILWOOD ALAN SHEPHERD JOHN HARTLE	MV Matchless Gilera	1st 2nd 3rd
500cc	MIKE HAILWOOD ALAN SHEPHERD PHIL READ	MV Matchless Norton	1st 2nd 3rd	Sidecars	MAX DEUBEL FLORIAN CAMATHIAS FRITZ SCHEIDEGGER	BMW BMW BMW	1st 2nd 3rd
Sidecars	MAX DEUBEL FLORIAN CAMATHIAS FRITZ SCHEIDEGGER	BMW BMW BMW	1st 2nd 3rd	1964			
1963				50cc	HUGH ANDERSON RALPH BRYANS HANS-GEORG ANSCHEIDT	Suzuki Honda Kreidler	1st 2nd 3rd
50cc	HUGH ANDERSON HANS-GEORG ANSCHEIDT ERNST DEGNER	Suzuki Kreidler Suzuki	1st 2nd 3rd	125cc	LUIGI TAVERI JIM REDMAN HUGH ANDERSON	Honda Honda Suzuki	1st 2nd 3rd
125cc	HUGH ANDERSON LUIGI TAVERI JIM REDMAN	Suzuki Honda Honda	1st 2nd 3rd	250cc	PHIL READ JIM REDMAN ALAN SHEPHERD	Yamaha Honda MZ	1st 2nd 3rd
250cc	JIM REDMAN TARQUINIO PROVINI FUMIO ITO	Honda Morini Yamaha	1st 2nd 3rd	350cc	JIM REDMAN BRUCE BEALE MIKE DUFF	Honda Honda AJS	1st 2nd 3rd
350cc	JIM REDMAN MIKE HAILWOOD LUIGI TAVERI	Honda MV Honda	1st 2nd 3rd	500cc	MIKE HAILWOOD JACK AHEARN PHIL READ	MV Norton Matchless	1st 2nd 3rd



Ben Grau winning the Montjuich 24 hours in 1972.

Sidecars	MAX DEUBEL	BMW	1st	Sidecars	FRITZ SCHEIDEGGER	BMW	1st
	FRITZ SCHEIDEGGER	BMW	2nd		MAX DEUBEL	BMW	2nd
	COLIN SEELEY	BMW	3rd		GEORG AUERBACHER	BMW	3rd
1965				1966			
500cc	RALPH BRYANS	Honda	1st	50cc	HANS-GEORG ANSCHEIDT	Kreidler	1st
	LUIGI TAVERI	Honda	2nd		LUIGI TAVERI	Honda	2nd
	HUGH ANDERSON	Suzuki	3rd		RALPH BRYANS	Honda	3rd
125cc	HUGH ANDERSON	Suzuki	1st	125cc	LUIGI TAVERI	Honda	1st
	FRANK PERRIS	Suzuki	2nd		BILL IVY	Yamaha	2nd
	DEREK WOODMAN	MZ	3rd		RALPH BRYANS	Honda	3rd
250cc	PHIL READ	Yamaha	1st	250cc	MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda	1st
	MIKE DUFF	Yamaha	2nd		PHIL READ	Yamaha	2nd
	JIM REDMAN	Honda	3rd		JIM REDMAN	Honda	3rd
350cc	JIM REDMAN	Honda	1st	350cc	MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda	1st
	GIACOMO AGOSTINI	MV	2nd		GIACOMO AGOSTINI	MV	2nd
	MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda	3rd		RENZO PASOLINI	Aermacchi	3rd
500cc	MIKE HAILWOOD	MV	1st	500cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI	MV	1st
	GIACOMO AGOSTINI	MV	2nd		MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda	2nd
	PADDY DRIVER	Matchless	3rd		JACK FINDLAY	Matchless	3rd

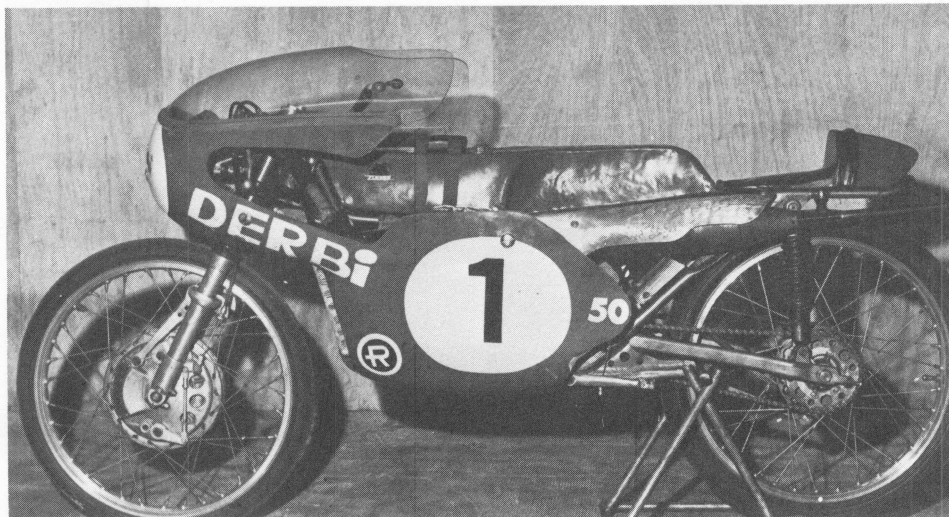


Pat Mahoney.

Sidecars	FRITZ SCHEIDEGGER	BMW	1st	125cc	PHIL READ	Yamaha	1st
	MAX DEUBEL	BMW	2nd		BILL IVY	Yamaha	2nd
	COLIN SEELEY	BMW	3rd		GINGER MOLLOY	Bultaco	3rd
1967 50cc	HANS-GEORG ANSCHEIDT	Suzuki	1st	250cc	PHIL READ	Yamaha	1st
	YOSHIMI KATAYAMA	Suzuki	2nd		BILL IVY	Yamaha	2nd
	STUART GRAHAM	Suzuki	3rd		HEINZ ROSSNER	MZ	3rd
125cc	BILL IVY	Yamaha	1st	350cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI	MV	1st
	PHIL READ	Yamaha	2nd		RENZO PASOLINI	Benelli	2nd
	STUART GRAHAM	Suzuki	3rd		KEL CARRUTHERS	Aermacchi	3rd
250cc	MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda	1st	500cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI	MV	1st
	PHIL READ	Yamaha	2nd		JACK FINDLAY	Matchless/Norton	2nd
	BILL IVY	Yamaha	3rd		GUY MARSOVSKY	Matchless	3rd
350cc	MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda	1st	Sidecars	HELMUT FATH	URS	1st
	GIACOMO AGOSTINI	MV	2nd		GEORG AUERBACHER	BMW	2nd
	RALPH BRYANS	Honda	3rd		SIEGFRIED SCHAUZU	BMW	3rd
500cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI	MV	1st	1969 50cc	ANGELO NIETO	Derbi	1st
	MIKE HAILWOOD	Honda	2nd		AALT TOERSEN	Kreidler	2nd
	JOHN HARTLE	Matchless	3rd		BARRY SMITH	Derbi	3rd
Sidecars	KLAUS ENDERS	BMW	1st	125cc	DAVE SIMMONDS	Kawasaki	1st
	GEORG AUERBACHER	BMW	2nd		DIETER BRAUN	Suzuki	2nd
	SIEGFRIED SCHAUZU	BMW	3rd		CEES VAN DONGEN	Suzuki	3rd
1968 50cc	HANS-GEORG ANSCHEIDT	Suzuki	1st	250cc	KEL CARRUTHERS	Benelli	1st
	PAUL LODEWIJKZ	Jamathi	2nd		KENT ANDERSSON	Yamaha	2nd
	BARRY SMITH	Derbi	3rd		SANTIAGO HERRERO	Ossa	3rd

350cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI SILVIO GRASSETTI GUISEPPE VISENZI	MV Yamaha Yamaha	1st 2nd 3rd	250cc	PHIL READ ROD GOULD JARNO SAARINEN	Yamaha Yamaha Yamaha	1st 2nd 3rd
500cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI GUY MARSOVSKY GODFREY NASH	MV Linto Norton	1st 2nd 3rd	350cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI JARNO SAARINEN K. CARLSSON	MV Yamaha Yamaha	1st 2nd 3rd
Sidecars	KLAUS ENDERS HELMUT FATH GEORG AUERBACHER	BMW URS BMW	1st 2nd 3rd	500cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI KEITH TURNER ROB BRON	MV Suzuki Suzuki	1st 2nd 3rd
1970 50cc	ANGELO NIETO AALT TOERSEN RUDOLPH KUNZ	Derbi Jamathi Kreidler	1st 2nd 3rd	Sidecars	HORST OWESLE SIEGFRIED SCHAUZU ARSENIUS BUTSCHER	Munch/Fath URS BMW BMW	1st 2nd 3rd
125cc	DIETER BRAUN ANGELO NIETO BO JANSSEN	Suzuki Derbi Maico	1st 2nd 3rd	1972 50cc	ANGELO NIETO JAN DE VRIES T. TIMMER	Derbi Kreidler Jamathi	1st 2nd 3rd
250cc	ROD GOULD KEL CARRUTHERS KENT ANDERSSON	Yamaha Yamaha Yamaha	1st 2nd 3rd	125cc	ANGELO NIETO KENT ANDERSSON CHARLES MORTIMER	Derbi Yamaha Yamaha	1st 2nd 3rd
350cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI KEL CARRUTHERS RENZO PASOLINI	MV Yamaha Benelli	1st 2nd 3rd	250cc	JARNO SAARINEN RENZO PASOLINI RODNEY GOULD	Yamaha Aermacchi Yamaha	1st 2nd 3rd
500cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI GINGER MOLLOY ANGELO BERGAMONTI	MV Kawasaki Aermacchi	1st 2nd 3rd	350cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI JARNO SAARINEN RENZO PASOLINI	MV Yamaha Aermacchi	1st 2nd 3rd
Sidecars	KLAUS ENDERS GEORG AUERBACHER SIEGFRIED SCHAUZU	BMW BMW BMW	1st 2nd 3rd	500cc	GIACOMO AGOSTINI ALBERTO PAGANI BRUNO KNEUBURLER	MV MV YAMAHA	1st 2nd 3rd
1971 50cc	JAN DE VRIES ANGELO NIETO J. SCHURGERS	Kreidler Derbi Kreidler	1st 2nd 3rd	Sidecars	KLAUS ENDERS HEINZ LUTHRINGSHAUSER SIEGFRIED SCHAUZU	BMW BMW BMW	1st 2nd 3rd
125cc	ANGELO NIETO BARRY SHEENE BO JANSSEN	Derbi Derbi/Suzuki Maico	1st 2nd 3rd				

*On his rather
careworn-looking
Derbi Angelo
Nieto won his
1970 50 c.c.
world title.*



BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP WINNERS

1958	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	MIKE HAILWOOD MIKE HAILWOOD MIKE HAILWOOD TONY GODFREY PIP HARRIS		500cc Sidecars	RON CHANDLER OWEN GREENWOOD
1959	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	MIKE HAILWOOD MIKE HAILWOOD MIKE HAILWOOD MIKE HAILWOOD PIP HARRIS	1968	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	JIM CURRY JOHN COOPER ALAN BARNETT DAVE CROXFORD PETER BROWN
1960	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	MIKE HAILWOOD MIKE HAILWOOD MIKE HAILWOOD MIKE HAILWOOD BILL BODDICE	1969	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	CHARLES MORTIMER DAVE BROWNING PAT MAHONEY DAVE CROXFORD CHRIS VINCENT
1961	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	DAN SHOREY MIKE HAILWOOD PHIL READ MIKE HAILWOOD CHRIS VINCENT	1970	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	BARRY SHEENE STEVE MACHIN DEREK CHATTERTON PETER WILLIAMS CHRIS VINCENT
1962	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	DAN SHOREY DAN SHOREY DEREK MINTER DEREK MINTER BILL BODDICE	1971	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc 750cc Sidecars	BARRY SHEENE STEVE MACHIN TONY RUTTER PERCY MAY PERCY TAIT CHRIS VINCENT
1963	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	DAVE SIMMONDS TOM PHILLIS PHIL READ PHIL READ CHRIS VINCENT	1972	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc 750cc Sidecars	STEVE MACHIN STEVE MACHIN MICK GRANT JIM HARVEY DAVE POTTER NORMAN HANKS
1964	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	BILL IVY DEREK MINTER JOHN COOPER DEREK MINTER CHRIS VINCENT			
1965	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	BILL IVY DAVE SIMMONDS DEREK MINTER BILL IVY CHRIS VINCENT			
1966	125cc 250cc 350cc 500cc Sidecars	ROD SCIVYER PETER INCHLEY JOHN COOPER JOHN COOPER OWEN GREENWOOD			
1967	125cc 250cc 350cc	MARTIN CARNEY DEREK CHATTERTON DAVE CROXFORD			

Jim Harvey.



Jim Harvey.



JARNO SAARINEN; Finland's first-ever world motor cycle road race champion, now a superstar, reaches back into his past and gives a clue to his reputation as the hardest rider in the sport.

JARNO; was tragically killed in the worst ever Grand Prix pile-up at Monza during the Italian Grand Prix in May, 1973.

The International Motor Cycle Racing Book had already gone to press at the time of the great champion's death. And we may only add that he will live long in our memories as one of the finest sportsmen of our time.

FRANK PERRIS; The suave, likeable Perris, born in Canada but as British as the name of Norton, traces his own path to racing glory.

BARRY SHEENE; This trendy young Londoner, feted as the 'new' Mike Hailwood, emerges as the playboy of international racing – but shows that when the racing is at its most rigorous he is as good as the champions.

PHIL READ; Who could deny that five times world champion Read is not among the finest riders of all time? What does he think of his glamorous teammate, MV star Giacomo Agostini?

PETER WILLIAMS; Studious, a brilliant engineer and one of the finest riders of the decade. That is Williams, a TT specialist, a man who knows what it is like to tangle with the best. What does he think of Agostini and of Hailwood? How do they compare?

PAUL SMART; INTERNATIONAL MOTORCYCLE RACING BOOK editor TED MACAULEY singled out Smart as a top star in ascendency in the first INTERNATIONAL. He has risen even higher than Macauley hoped . . . into the reckonings alongside aces like Hailwood, Agostini, Duke and Read. How does he like America?

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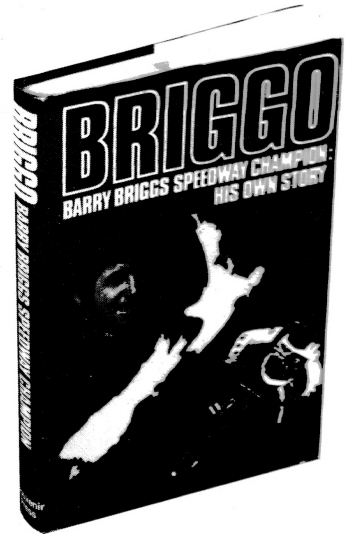
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